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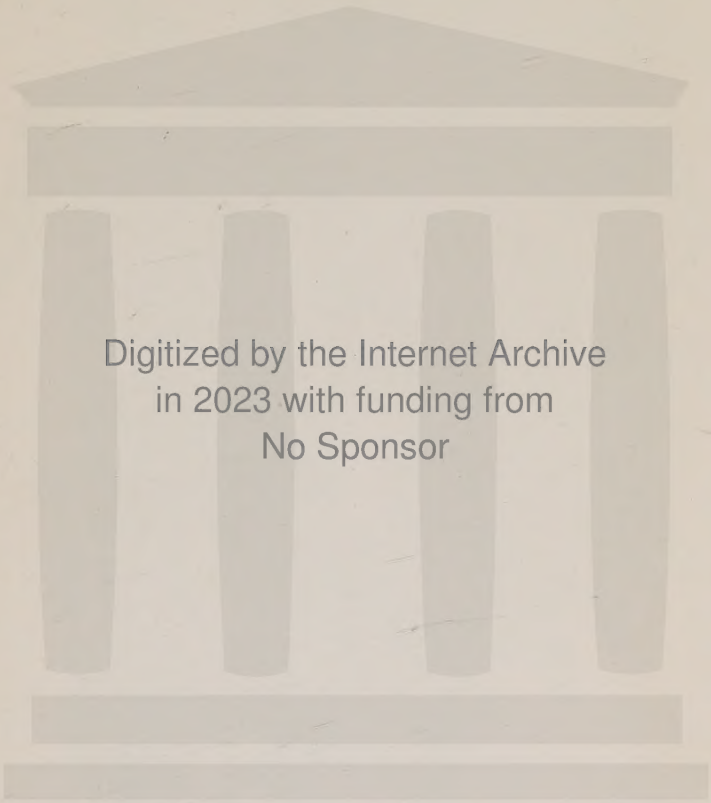
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We followed him in single file, mimicking his strenuous pace

THE WHITE HOUSE GANG

By EARLE LOOKER
MEMBER OF THE GANG

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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To my Mother

KATHARINE EARLE LOOKER

who lived with courage, simplicity,
self-sacrifice, and unswerving faith.

April 3rd
1929.

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT SENIOR
SAGAMORE HILL
OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK

Dear L

It is difficult to write of the pleasure which you have given me
The two who have gone returned in those pages and the old merry White House days for a back ground

Faithfully yours
Edith Roosevelt

PREFACE

APPRECIATION and acknowledgments are easily written for small favours, but for great ones the matter is not so easily accomplished. . . .

So, to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt it seems impossible to express appreciation here, except by the simplest acknowledgment, since her most generous permission to reproduce mementos of Quentin's boyhood in this book is but one of the many inspiring indications of her confidence in the White House Gang.

By Mrs. Calvin Coolidge was given me the rare privilege of revisiting all the old familiar haunts of the Gang, from the topmost point of vantage on the White House roof to the deepest, most mysterious recesses of the cellars and of walking again amid the memories of the private grounds.

Without the eager and sympathetic help of my Gang comrades this account of actual happenings would have been far less complete. To Charles P. Taft, 2nd, Cincinnati; Richard S. Chew, Boston; Bromley Seeley and Walker G. White, New York; Edward Stead, Baltimore, Gang members, and to the seniors of the White House Staff in Washington must be repeated my thanks for their recollections, comment and checking of incidents, places and personalities.

Even with the aid of all this interested kindness, this chronicle must remain incomplete, for at the end of the youthful years of the Gang came the World War. Gallantly fighting, Quentin left us, soon to be followed by his beloved father; all that had occurred before seemed to have been swept away . . . and so was lost the greater part of the story. Still, the spirit, the tones, the mutual sympathies of those early days will remain, forever, with us. These impressions, however, are far more important than any punctilious record, though they are not of signal assistance in the preparation of an ordered narrative. Though the Gang remembers many events, their exact order is often forgotten, and leaves to the record but one possible form . . . a history moving forward from one objective to another, simply, after the manner of all real experience.

Would that the prevailing conjecture proves true, that nothing thought, whispered, spoken or done, is ever lost—for then certain peals of joyous understanding laughter, that gave the Gang great happiness, might repeat themselves to all of us. The echoes of it are still in our hearts; I can only try to reproduce as much of my feelings and impressions as I am able, strengthened by the most generous help I have received, for love of Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt and Quentin.

E. L.

New York City.

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I

TR, Q, AND THE GANG

THEODORE ROOSEVELT started the adventurous, rollicking, joyous career of the White House Gang by sending his youngest son, Quentin, to the Force Public School on Massachusetts Avenue. Here, the Gang was recruited, and here, each day after school, it went into a huddle, to confound all rules of deportment in high places, mingle in the lives of Presidents and policemen, win victories, taste honour, suffer punishments, and engage in escapades which were swept along the wires to national publicity. Many exploits of the Gang, however, either remained unknown, or were known only to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt; some there were, securely hidden, even from them.

The arrival of the son of the President of the United States in our dingy, red-brick, public school, occasioned an undeniable flurry among a class of some fifty-odd youngsters who watched with hopeful scrutiny for signs of his being snobbish and stuck-up. But we soon learned that Quentin was like his father, and had the same qualities of enthusiasm, swift anger, quick forgiveness, explosive speech, frankness, aggressive leadership, imagination. His little body fairly quivered with impetuosity. His tow head

was always mussed, his tie coming untied, his clothes being torn, his stockings refusing to stay up. His head seemed too large for his body. He was as irrepressible mentally, as he was physically, and, either way, there was no holding him down or back. He was active, alert, eager, bubbling over with ideas, strange words, humour, and deeply-seated sentiment.

For a long time the Gang was unofficial and did not become a recognized fact until its individual membership had been passed upon by the White House. The finally accredited members were as follows: first, in order of size, was Charles Taft, "Taffy," later, to occupy Quentin's position as White House host. Charlie was remarkable for his calmness, slowness to anger, good humour, and steadfast determination when roused. Bromley Seeley, tow-headed, with fervid enthusiasm and force, had an honest infectious laugh which, quite often, was the best announcement for blocks away of the presence of the Gang. He was rather startling to us at first, because of his apparent lack of eyebrows—a few paces away, they could hardly be seen, against the tan of his forehead. Later, Brom was to show us the highest example, of which a manly boy is capable, fortitude and courage, in illness.

Dick Chew was called "Sailor," because his name suggested to us that he should be chewing tobacco—which he did, once, out of bravado, and then re-

pented of, bitterly and with tears. I remember, distinctly, the size and uncountable number of his freckles. Edward Stead—called both "Bedstead" and "Slats"—was wiry, and active enough to be used as the entering wedge, into many almost inaccessible places. Walker White, grandson of General Horatio G. Gibson, was the smallest of our number. Usually appearing with his round head closely clipped, he compensated for his lack of size, by an unusually quick pick-up, and sustained speed and stamina. There were others—on and off. Boys forget, names mean nothing, action everything.

TR, the most active member of the Gang, was too well known to require describing—except as we boys saw him. In the beginning of things, the appearance of the President among them, gave the Gang queer sensations, in the pits of their stomachs. He would bear down upon us, with his great barrel-chest advancing ahead of him, ready, as we thought, to burst right through the front of his shirt. The famous face, teeth, eyeglasses and black cords made but little impression upon us, compared to that created by this tremendous chest. When he left us, we would stare at the amazing thickness of his girth, and the two buttons of his frock-coat set directly in the middle of his back. He was thick *right through,* and we knew it to be muscle.

In the days of our early encounters, it would take some minutes for us to really feel at ease with him.

There can be no question, I think, but that we stood a little in awe of him—not of his position, but of the man. Yet it was not long before this restraint wore away and we grew to know him better. Like the multitude that admired him from afar, we called him TR. This was not a gesture of familiarity; it was not a nickname; we felt he had been given a title, but one man in the world could ever hold. His active hustling, his bursts of laughter, made us forget anything else about him, in the fun we were having ourselves. One can imagine the impetus a mind like TR's could have *on anybody;* its effect upon a small boy was almost electrifying. It is a curious fact that, after being with him for any length of time, we would break out into unreasoning anger, among ourselves, and proceed to sulk, or to fight, or to perpetrate some heinous crime.

The first " crime " I remember was directed towards Andrew Jackson, towards his portrait, rather, which hung in the upper hall. Some very fine shots had been made with spitballs, and very soon Old Hickory was so covered with them that we dragged a chair under the portrait to arrange the wet lumps in designs—three on his forehead, " like an Arabian dancer," Quentin said, and one on the lobe of either ear. A poultice of masticated newspaper was set upon the end of his nose, " to scare the flies away," and a gob over each of the buttons on his coat. When he was finished Andrew presented a startling appearance, and we were very proud of our handi-

work. But we soon forgot it, in quest of some more boisterous and active adventure.

That night, however, in the coolness of White House sheets—we had been invited to spend the night—our first exhausted drowsiness was broken by the apparition of TR pulling Q from the bed and, without the slightest explanation, disappearing with him into the ominous stillness of an otherwise sleeping mansion.

When Q returned, he wore a courageous grin but otherwise, was much subdued. He reported briefly, that he, personally, had taken down every spitball from the painted effigy of President Jackson, but refrained from mentioning the obvious—that he had done so at TR's command, and under his watchful eye.

In the morning Q led us before TR, who stood sternly before the portrait, rubbing his glasses vigorously with a handkerchief.

"Who stuck on the first spitball?" he asked fiercely.

Quentin, Charlie and Dick all voiced confession together. "Impossible!" TR said, his voice ringing harshly down the hall. "It's all very sporting to try to take the blame from one another but I—want—the—truth!"

"I think *I* did," Quentin said.

"You *think!*"

"Yessir ——"

"I—I—[he pronounced it "Aiee"] don't like

this!" TR said. "There is some uncertainty, some reluctance. Here is a case for trial. Oyez! Oyez! This Honourable Court ——"

An usher came down the hall with a message for the President. He grinned at all of us, especially at Andrew Jackson.

"Later, later ——" said TR impatiently. "Tell him that I'm dispensing justice ——"

The President sat in the armchair directly under the portrait. "Now, the truth of this," he demanded. "Just imagine how I would feel, if you rowdies, gangsters, villains, threw spitballs at my portrait!"

This amused Quentin vastly. "You wouldn't mind a bit," he said. "Besides, Andrew Jackson doesn't know—he's dead ——"

"What? No, I suppose I really *wouldn't* mind. And you're right, of course, about Jackson's being dead; but how do you come by the information that he doesn't know? You can't be sure of that, can you? Moreover, boys, this isn't your portrait—it belongs to the Government. You're very small shareholders in it—very small, indeed. In selecting a portrait as a target, however, he's better than a live President to sling things at, although the act is far more cowardly. And in the future, remember, you must not ——" And he read us a vigorous lecture on respect due to property, such as I shall never forget. The finding of the Court was, "Guilty! Altogether guilty!" The sentence:

"Quentin may not see any of his friends for one week. You are his friends, so you can't come to the White House, for seven whole days." He left us abruptly, his teeth flashing under his moustache, and saying over his shoulder, as he went: "The truth! The truth! Next time, remember, be quicker with the truth!"

For a moment, we stood in silence before Jackson's portrait. We felt the justice of the reproof and the weight of the punishment. Portraits, henceforth, were taboo. This affair of Old Hickory's picture is mentioned in a letter written by TR to Archie, April 11, 1908: "I explained to them [the Gang] that they had acted like boors; that it would have been a disgrace to have behaved so in any gentleman's house. . . . They were four very sheepish small boys when I got through with them. . . ."[1]

Despite the President's rebuke, it was less a matter of behaviour, than one of truth, and of our having partially evaded it, which really disturbed us. Although it was, usually, our habit and inclination, to tell the truth, we often found it necessary, at that time, to be sparing with its use. There was, for instance, the case of a running fight between the Americans and the Spanish, through the great hall of the living quarters on the second floor. Charlie, in the rôle of Spaniard, stumbled over a chair, and was caught by Q, who stood over him brandishing a drawn sabre. This sabre, as Q had said a mo-

ment before, was a relic. He had been yelling, "Step up, and see the i-d-e-n-t-i-c-a-l sword carried by Colonel Thee-a-dore Roos-e-velt, in the capture of San Juan Hill! See it! See it! Don't shove! Admission one nickel—five cents—only one twentieth of a dollah! Step up! Step up!" The sabre had a sharp cutting edge, and when Quentin flicked Charlie with it, blood immediately started from his cheek.

Taffy had been doubly killed, because I had just placed the cold, blue muzzle of a revolver—presented, as the engraved inscription read, by the Emperor of Japan to the President of the United States—to the back of his head, and had repeatedly pulled the trigger.

We stood transfixed by the blood from Charlie's face, which dripped over his collar on to his blouse, and down on to the rug. Our first guilty thought was with regard to the sabre, fearing lest we should be discovered with it; for all of us knew it to be taboo when we took it from the top of the mantel. Our handkerchiefs failed to staunch the blood, but we soon discovered that the wound was not deep.

"Golly!" Q said suddenly. "Somebody's coming—down the end of the hall!"

"Remember, everybody—I fell on a chair," said Charlie, with presence of mind and complete composure.

That was it! Immediately we smeared some of Charlie's blood on one of the brass feet of the

chair, while Quentin dashed off to return the sabre and revolver. We were hardly arranged and clustered around Charlie when an usher discovered us, and rushed the wounded Spaniard into Mrs. Roosevelt's rooms for first aid. "They knocked over a chair, Mrs. Roosevelt," the usher said. "Evidently the boy fell against it ——" Evidently! The evidence had it; we were reproved, but no questions were asked. For half an hour afterwards, we sat around, doing nothing whatever, except to look at the plaster laid across Charlie's cheek.

Of Mrs. Roosevelt it is more than difficult to speak—just as it is for most men to speak of their mothers—with moderation. I remember TR calling her "Edith." And the name, as he used it, sounded particularly beautiful. Small boys are sensitive to feeling in voice, or a word, and all of us caught the tenderness of the President's inflection. We grew to love the gracious lady, to whom it was addressed, with an affection the years cannot disturb. She was benign, affable, motherly and, above all, interested in us all.

Theodore Jr., Alice, Kermit, Ethel and Archie, the Gang rarely saw, because they were older. I do not remember that we spoke to them, or they to us, except to make mutually disparaging remarks. Theodore Jr.—an ancient, in our eyes—we once mimicked from the safety of a roof balustrade, because of the bulldog pipe which he had brought from Harvard. We were frightfully short on rev-

erence. There was none we were afraid to ape and mimic—not even TR.

The ushers may recall how four members of the Gang once squatted on the carpet of the lower corridor, waiting for TR to come from his office. Finally he strode down the hall, full steam ahead, oblivious to doors, which always seemed to open miraculously before him, and close behind him with precision. As he passed, we jumped up and followed behind him in single file, mimicking his strenuous pace, arms pumping up and down, our short legs striding as far as they would go. He grinned back over his shoulder and Q, who was directly following, did likewise. The grin passed from boy to boy until it reached me, at the end of the procession. I turned and bared my teeth to an usher. We went through two doors in this fashion, which remained open until I had passed grandly through, with my chest swelled out and head held high. Finally, TR mounted the stairway with a red-plush rope, and some sudden idea took us elsewhere.

"Wasn't that simply b-r-e-a-t-h-l-e-s-s?" Quentin said. "Like a king, walking through his palace as fast as he pleases, with a lot of ushers in frock-coats opening doors before he reaches 'em, and slamming 'em to so that he won't get a draft on the back of the royal head!" There was no question but that Q could *see,* and think.

The importance of the President was brought home to me shortly afterwards, in a manner which

Q described as being "most strikingest!" We had been playing in the attic. This was the heaven of the White House. Despite fire and structural hazards, the original architects and builders of the presidential mansion deserve a vote of thanks from the Gang for this attic. Until modernized by the Coolidges, it was the father of all attics in America. It had great, wide spaces and distances; no cleaning could remove the musty smells, nor the occasional cobwebs and spiders; it was crammed full of mysterious stuff. When you stopped to think of it all, little tremblings ran up and down your spine, because this had been the prime roosting-place for all occupants of the White House, since the beginning. Parts of it were always dark, and these we sometimes explored with flashlights. Better than all, for practical purposes of play, there were cedar-chests, some empty, some full, and all—to make assurance doubly sure—smelling of moth-balls as well as cedar. It was a thrilling experience, that of opening one of these chests, with only a flashlight to examine its contents.

Several open knife-switches controlled the attic lights. In the late winter afternoons, the place was never wholly light, and it was a favourite trick for someone to "douse the glim," and throw this entire cavern of an attic, into utter darkness. The experience was thrilling, because it was scarey. Every member of the Gang was afraid to be afraid, and there would be a sort of rough-house until someone

located the switch again. It was a trick, too, to get to it with your fingers without, also, getting a shock.

At times, TR would make a break in his official afternoon, in order to play with us. On the occasion I am recalling, he suddenly appeared in his shirt-sleeves, his frock-coat dangling from his arm. It was our signal for flight. He threw the coat away and chased us, growling ferociously. I was hiding behind a post, and beheld Sailor Chew being closely pursued by TR. I saw that he was going to be caught, and, at the same moment, saw the switch. I pulled it: there was immediate darkness, followed by wild shrieks of delight from the Gang. Just then we heard a loud smack. It was that irresistible President striking an immovable post.

"By George! By George!" TR bellowed from the centre of the attic. "Lights! Lights! Turn on the lights! This is worse—worse—than anything I've heard of in darkest Africa!"

Proud of my cleverness, I pushed back the switch —to see the President leaning against a pillar, some ten feet away, with his hand over his face. There was a nail in the side of the post, just about the height of his eyes; it was a miracle that he had not struck it. Suddenly, I felt faint.

"When a block of wood *meets* a block of wood, there's bound to be a headache," TR said, cheerfully enough. "I'm quite all right. But never,

n-e-v-e-r, *never* again, turn off a light when anybody is near a post!"

With that, he left us, and went downstairs to bathe his face. Then the Gang descended upon me. I should be punished for my thoughtlessness, and lectured with the new knowledge they—together with myself—had just acquired. I felt the justice of their remarks sufficiently to get fighting mad. My fists flew out, and there was much kicking and hair-pulling until, smothered by bodies, arms and legs, I was carried, still protesting, to the nearest cedar-chest. The Gang threw me into it, shoved me down, and sat on the lid.

At first, the moth-balls were pungently pleasant; then things began to get hotter and then hotter, and it was not so easy to breathe. I kicked on the inside of the lid with my toes, and hammered away with my fists, to which the Gang responded, by drumming their heels on the outside of the chest, which effectually dinned out my noises on the inside. I was gasping for air, and rather frightened. Inside the chest it was as black as the grave, except for some queer, electric flashes before my eyes. I exerted all my strength, trying desperately to lift the lid. The Gang sat tight. I was suffocating!

Suddenly the lid opened, and TR looked down into my face. He was quick with his handkerchief, too, wiping my face, and almost as quick to say, "He's broken out in a sweat! The moth-balls have got into his eyes, and made them water!" This he

said, to explain his wiping away my tears, which I thought was fine of him.

"Shutting up boys in cedar-chests for more than sixty seconds," TR said, "is strictly forbidden—henceforth!"

"Henceforth!" the Gang echoed. Quentin added, "For evermore!" and swore, "By buzzard!" Buzzard was the great golden eagle, flashing his wings atop the flagpole, which rose from the roof, on which we often played.

Somewhere in these upper regions there was a skylight opening, through which we could look down into the main hall of the living quarters, on the second floor. I remember how, from this point of vantage, we once saw Mrs. Roosevelt sitting at a tea-table, directly under the skylight. Beside her sat an Italian diplomat, wearing his monocle, and balancing his teacup in his hand. Another guest—an army officer—sat facing them, and we could see the bright yellow cavalry-stripe on his blue trouser-leg. The Italian's monocle convulsed us. Our own monocles, — crystals from old watches — were promptly brought into service, and, thus adorned, we lined up along the edge of the skylight, to watch our diplomat and copy his gestures. Quentin—softly at first—began to talk what he fondly imagined to be Italian. The syllables were too contagious for us to remain silent, and soon we were all gibbering away, louder and louder.

"Quentin!" Mrs. Roosevelt called, and four

small boys, each with a glittering monocle in his eye, and suddenly brought back to earth, stared down from the edge of the skylight. The Italian opened his eyes in astonishment, and dropped his eyeglass into his tea! We could not restrain a shout. The Italian threw back his head and laughed with us, and said: "Mrs. Roosevelt, I beg of you to command those monkeys to come to tea, with those things in their eyes?" Later, we watched him drive away, grinning to himself, as Q said, "like a cheetah," probably very delighted that he had an authentic White House story to tell, even though it were on himself.

Years later, a member of the Gang, thrown in company which knew nothing of his White House affiliations and, being reminded of some story associated therewith, would relate it, to have it received, however, with polite indulgence and ill-concealed incredulity. Thereafter, he remained intrenched in an arid silence. . . . The present chronicle is written only after the most earnest effort at accuracy had been made by the Gang in meeting assembled. It is put forward, in order to acknowledge the debt which the Gang owes to Theodore and Mrs. Roosevelt and to Quentin. That debt can never be paid, nor can it ever be fully expressed . . . yet perhaps it can be most gratefully avowed.

II

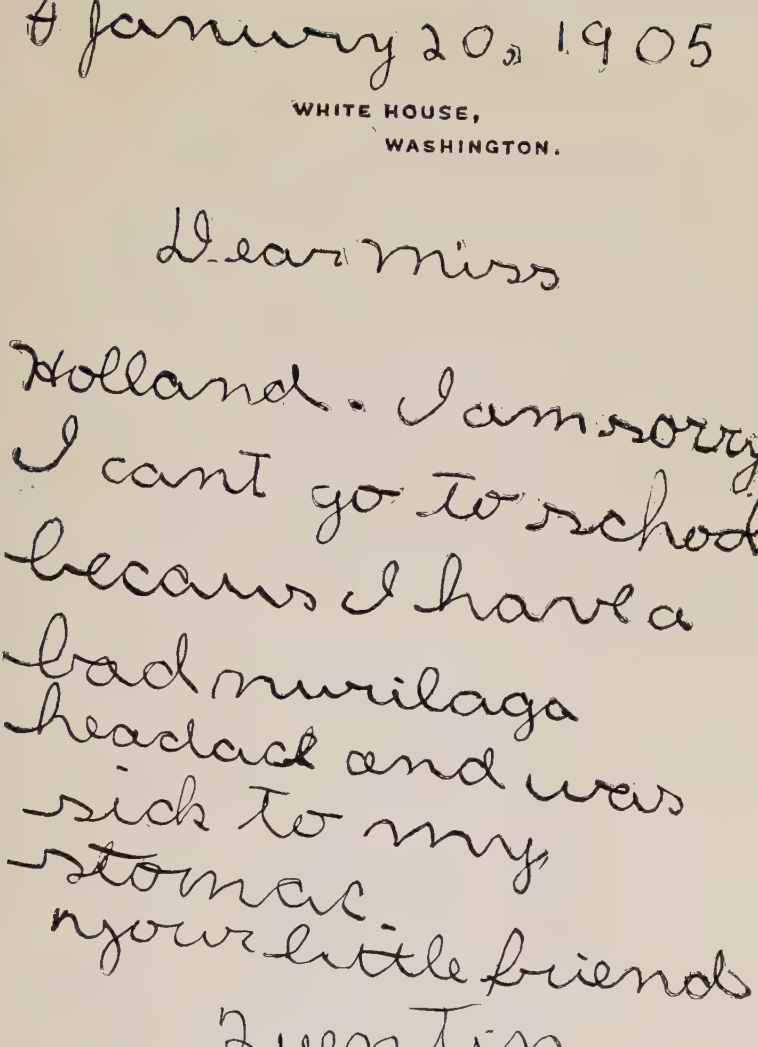
PIRATES OF THE POTOMAC

IN the early spring, the south grounds are regularly groomed for the concerts given by the Marine Band and for garden parties and other functions. One year, while this was in progress, we took the law into our own hands to punish an instance of *lèse-majesté*. Two plumbers were astride the pipes in the centre of the great south fountain. Naturally, we wanted to know all about what they were doing, and shouted our enquiries across to them, from the stone-coping. They began by replying, but soon ran dry of answers, and became annoyed.

"Go away!" one of them ordered. "Get out of here! Don't come around bothering *us!* Can't you young fools see we've got work to do?"

At once, we were highly incensed. Did not those fellows know who we were? "Don't answer them!" Q said fiercely. "By buzzard! We'll show 'em who's boss around here! We'll put the *sinister* on 'em. We'll teach 'em something that'll stop them from talking like that, ever again!"

He led us behind a clump of evergreens, where an iron door, with its hinges set in concrete, was sunk into the ground. Our combined strength man-


January 20, 1905

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

Dear Miss

Holland. I am sorry
I cant go to school
becaus I have a
bad murilaga
headack and was
sick to my
stomac.
your little friends
Quentin

By permission of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt

Quentin delighted in big words and always spoke them fluently—they did not flow so easily from his pen

aged to lift it open. There was a huge cast-iron key, longer than any of us, which we fitted into a square valve-head. The key stood straight up, with wide arms making possible a firm grip. Yet we were quite unable to move it. Q grew purple in the face. "In the Navy," he said, "when they strike something that won't work, they *curse* it around. Now! Together! Curse! and pull—uungh! C-u-r-s-e! P-u-l-l! CURSE!"

Our anger and violence did the trick; the key moved. We turned it briskly, as far as it would go, and then peeped through the evergreens, to watch the men at the fountain. It must have taken five seconds, or, maybe, one more, for the accident to happen. Then streams of rusty water came gushing out of the cluster of pipes on which the men sat. One of them was lifted clear off his seat by the force of it; the other slid backwards into the basin, on his head. Then water of the fountain rose majestically, fell back on the men struggling to get out of the rusty pool, in beautiful streams and spray.

We cheered, and ran. We made straight for the White House, the men after us. Q laughed so hard that he had no breath left for running, and the Gang had to take turns dragging him along. We reached the friendly shelter of the south portico; whereupon the men, wetter and wiser, went back to shut off the water, and pick out their tools from the rusty water of the basin.

For some days following, we kept out of the garden. We feared disgrace and conviction because there were rumours of an expedition soon to be undertaken aboard the *Sylph,* (she was later the official yacht of the Secretary of the Navy, the *Mayflower* being used by the President) and any delinquency would surely rob us of all prospects of going along. This was one of our very choice experiences, and we treasured it highly. Once when cruising aboard the *Sylph,* far below Mount Vernon, a trim sloop put about and tacked up close to us, knowing who we were. A man and a woman, a little girl and a boy, all in spotless white, with sunbrowned arms and faces, stood up to salute, and TR went to the rail, to return their enthusiastic greeting.

"You're brown as Moors!" TR called.

"You're red as a beet!" said the boy in the sloop, to his family's tremendous embarrassment. TR's laugh could have been heard in Washington.

One expedition was organized as a fitting reward for two weeks of the greatest Gang activity, without a single bit of damage being done to house, staff or grounds. When the *Sylph* nosed in to an obscure landing place down-river, all the incidents common to these trips suddenly combined into one of the most boy-satisfying days I have ever known. It was TR, himself, who spelled Adventure with a capital "A" and Romance written in letters of gold, and his effort was aided by a smooth river, a glisten-

ing white-and-brass yacht, a willing officer and crew, a wooded and mysterious shore.

"See those dark clouds against the sun?" TR said to Quentin. "It is on days like these, that pirates like to plot their n-e-f-a-r-i-o-u-s schemes." That was enough. TR had planted the seed which germinated in the minds of the Gang, before many minutes had passed. We assigned names, ranks and duties, and began to formulate plans. TR sat back delighted, until he could keep out of it no longer. He called the captain from the bridge, and named him Cap'en Sinkem. (Official records reveal him to have been Lieutenant Roscoe C. Bulmer, U. S. N.) This pirate captain developed a new accomplishment—speaking out of the side of his mouth—and called for the charts of the river and the terrain, where we planned to land. We laid our heads together over the maps, and TR marked the position of a non-existent fort we were to attack (as he said), "for gold, buried therein."

Quentin's hair stood up on end. Bedstead's eyes were glassy with excitement. TR bristled with interest. Charlie, practical, but no less enamoured, began to consider where cutlasses and pistols, left for us by our fellow-conspirators ashore, could be found. We landed according to plan, with "muffled oars" in a "glassy cove," TR declaring that "any deck-swabbing pirate who gets his feet wet in landing, will be sent back to the lugger, by George! and locked in the lazaretto!" to the restrained

grins of the sailors of the *Sylph,* (regular navy men) who were rowing us ashore. Just as we landed, Cap'en Sinkem showed his understanding and genius by firing shots in quick succession, from his saluting-gun. The crashes filled the whole river and echoed back from the woods. We cheered, and rushed across the beach, protected, as we knew, by the off-shore fire of our ship. In the underbrush, we found as many branches and sticks as we needed for pistols and cutlasses. TR had a longer cutlass than any of us, also a stick with a knob, which he stuck in his belt for a pistol.

For an hour or more, we floundered through underbrush, skirmished along overgrown roads, and came, at last, into a clearing, where there was a deserted log-cabin. This we attacked by an encircling movement, and, directed by TR, captured it, and sat in the trash inside, tired but supremely happy. We were finally discovered from the bridge of the *Sylph,* coming back in triumphant single-file along the road to the landing. A boat then started back for us, and the yacht broke out every inch of bunting, signals and national emblems she carried. The expedition was as perfect as anything I have ever known. TR danced in the dust as pleased as any of us, and therein, lay the wonderful part of it! Is it any wonder that the Gang loved, worshipped, and remained loyal to him—always?

There was, however, always a touch of seriousness, to temper the mirth of these expeditions.

Whenever the *Sylph* passed Mount Vernon, the ship's bell would toll. Off TR's hat would come—if he were wearing one—in reverence and respect, and all talk would cease for a moment. "That bell's tolling for the soul of a great man," TR would explain. "We're now passing his house, and the things he loved; his body, too, which he had to leave behind him. Wouldn't it be fine, if you and I grew up to be thus respected? Of course you may not be able to get thousands to respect you, as Washington did; but you can begin by getting two or three—maybe six, or a dozen—and *that's* fine, too! Sometimes, *quite* as fine. Think of that!" I have *often* thought.

So pirates it was, for many afternoons afterwards, until a water-pistol fight in the East Room was brought to the attention of the chief usher, and the room was declared out of bounds. Such things as squirting water on walls, by mistake, could be forgiven. Accidents would naturally happen. I nearly lost my membership when Quentin and I crashed bicycles in the east corridor, which brought down a great potted palm. The red carpet, leading from the Treasury side, made the best possible indoor bicycle-track. I fully appreciate now—with so many beautiful and historic things stored in the White House—how miraculous were the accidents, *which never happened!*

On one occasion, we let ourselves down into the awning over the portico, from a second-story

window. This was easy, because the awning was fastened against the wall, close under the window-sills. It billowed like a great sail, down to the pole holding the outside edge. It was safe enough to slide in, because the heavy canvas sagged with our weight, so that, once in it, we lay below the edge, and we should have had to climb over it, to fall out. We lay there, some fifteen or eighteen feet above the floor of the portico, and twenty-five, perhaps, to the ground, in the biggest hammock in the world. Around us, the thick columns of the portico rose in a huge semicircle, up to the roof.

We could watch carriages in the trees, south of the gardens, an occasional motor-car, the figures of sightseers peeping through the fence, and beyond, the white shaft of the Washington Monument, rising out of the green into the blue. We were unable to read the books we had brought with us, however, because the glare on the white page was blinding. A little breeze from the Treasury side finally died down, which made it hotter than before. Q remarked that, after all, the awning was there to keep the sun off, only we were on the wrong side of it.

Quentin declared himself to be thirsty, and Charlie handed out some lemon drops, but they did not help very much. There was no getting away from the sun. It was blazing hot, we were dripping with perspiration, and slowly turning red. Charlie said he was going back through the window, but

when he started to do so, the awning sagged, and slipped him easily and gently, back to where he had started. We tried to gather the material in a fist-grip, but our weight, and the weight of the pole on the outside edge, held the canvas taut.

We were afraid to pull ourselves up on the edges, for they looked tricky, and the sweat came out on the palms of our hands, when we thought of the drop. We all tried crawling, but unsuccessfully. Charlie begat the practical thought that, by standing on each other's shoulders, as we lay in the awning, one of us could reach the window-sill, and, finding a rope, or something, could pull up the others into the room. But Quentin made the horrible suggestion, that the weight of two of us, on the shoulders of the third, might be enough to push the latter off the edge. So we did not try it. It looked as though we would have to lie there and bake, in that sizzling sun. "We oughtn't to be here, you know," Q said, "so we can't just yell for help. And they won't find us until they get an a-p-p-r-o-p-r-i-a-t-i-o-n for a new awning—years and years! If only we could be sure of waving to someone, who'd *keep his mouth shut!*"

We lay and panted, and thirsted, and starved and fried, and thought and argued. Presently we heard voices, on the south portico under us, saying how cool it was, and how beautiful the view, and so on. We kept perfectly still, lying on our backs with our arms over our faces to shelter our eyes from the

sun. Suddenly, conversation below us ceased, and Quentin said, "By buzzard! They're gone! By buzzard!" But help had gone also!

There came a laugh from below us, and we knew, then, someone was pointing up to the three shadows and the three bumps, in the awning above. We wriggled, trying to lie more quietly. Then there were calls to us, amid more laughter, to which we did not reply. Presently, some ladies, garbed in summer clothes, grouped themselves in the garden, to look up at us, and Quentin turned over on his bright red face, to hide his embarrassment. Finally, two ushers let down a rope from the window we had used, and ordering us to loop it around our waists for safety, hauled us ignominiously, one by one, through the window. There was no punishment for this exploit: perhaps the highest authority knew we had suffered enough. We had, physically; but our humiliation was even worse.

In every case, when punishment was due, it fell upon the whole membership of the Gang. TR once mulcted us the contents of our pockets, when he saw they were lumpy, and took the fine on the spot. Itemized, they proved to be: half-a-dozen large tacks, suitable for sitting on; a couple of yards of red, white and blue cord, either for piping the servants' livery or for tying up important State papers, such as treaties; one quite dead fieldmouse, awaiting burial; two water-pistols, loaded; one Greek coin, ancient; one sling-shot and five smooth

pebbles; a handbill of a Washington tailor whose trade-mark was a smiling moon; a one-hundred-dollar bill of the Confederate States of America; one clay pipe, which looked as though it had been recently smoked; three inches of chain, from a bath-room fixture; one old wallet with a string attached, for dropping on sidewalks and jerking away, when anyone reached to pick it up—and there were other things which I cannot recall.

TR laid out this collection—including the mouse—on a desk in the Executive Office, and displayed it proudly to all comers. When he returned the objects to us—everything but the mouse, which presumably he caused to be buried, as no mention was made of it—he said: "The exhibition has paid for itself; indeed, it has been shown to some profit because it was generally held to be the best of its particular class in the world. I have had opinion from three Senators, five Representatives, numerous officers of the Army and Navy, besides one from a po-litical dep-u-tation. The least I can do, is to return these things to their rightful owners, who have been sufficiently punished by being deprived of their use, from the afternoon of one day, to the afternoon of the next."

Punishment and reward, success and failure, happiness and sadness, in real life, have come, inevitably, to members of the Gang, through the years that have followed. But in our early youth, and, later, in the red mists and mud of France where Q

left us, those unspoken lessons, taught by TR and Mrs. Roosevelt were remembered amid our greatest trials and deepest distresses. Perhaps this was because the traits which endeared them to us were, deep down within them, so characteristic of that sincerity, which we have grown, all inadequately, to call spiritual.

There was a zestful happiness in their voices which rang clear as a bell, to us; when, interested in our affairs, they spoke to us their words were, by no means, the whole of their utterances. Little boys' ears, mentioned, usually, only with reproof, in connection with a shortage in soap, catch most things and ours vibrated like tuning-forks, to the pitch of TR's and Mrs. Roosevelt's camaraderie which was of an utterly satisfying equality. Their laughter, too, at the times when they, and we were amused, was true, honest, unassuming, and ever a strengthening bond between us. In the opposite extreme—grave moments so dear to the soul of a boy—they could be as solemn as judges. We knew they respected us, and we built upon that. They gave us freedom, which few men and women seem to be able to remember, is the unalienable right of childhood; their punishments, when imposed, we felt to be fair; their understanding of our intentions, and forgiveness—this latter, not always deserved—formed an incentive to every member of the Gang, to hold to his next resolve.

Never was there a boy worth his salt, who, at one

time or another, was not a member of a gang, with a dark purpose and a secret password. Whether gang headquarters were north, south, east or west; up in the breathless insecurity of an aerie, in the branches of a dizzy tree; in a hut, hidden away in some forbidden wood; in some mysterious, smoke-smudged cavern from whence came funny noises; in a more sophisticated shack, built with stolen packing-cases, behind an advertising billboard, in a city-littered lot, or under the cool, honeysuckle-fragrant south portico of the White House—has mattered not at all. That the Executive Mansion happened to be ours, was nothing more than our unparalleled good fortune.

And, with membership in a gang, comes a boy's first real encounter with his half-real world. Knowing little, greatly daring, like Kipling's puppy, tasting tentatively of the boot-polish, a boy's behaviour in many petty trials with his gang, decides some very great adventures which follow. At the time, he is standing upon the shadow-line of his destiny; and very soon, he must tackle reality, using much of the experience, good or bad, his association with his gang has taught him. So, as the Roosevelts well knew, the Gang was, and had to be, whether for good or bad.

III

DAYS OF CHIVALRY

THE genesis of every gang is a mutual gravitation of kindred spirits. Quentin was a fellow classroom prisoner, his wriggling movements mainly compressed, within the compass of his seat and desk, to the surreptitious passing of excruciating notes across the aisle to right and left, to back-scratching, neck-tickling, pin-sticking of the boy directly in front of him, and to receiving the same, in his own person, from the rear. Nor could prison guards, forced by their system to do their duty conscientiously, have applied methods more effective for squeezing his soul thin, than the text-books provided. That was impossible, of course, as far as Q was concerned, as TR well knew when he sent Quentin to the Force School; yet his father was determined that his boy should stand on his own feet, in the democratic society of a public school, and that he should, by experience be made appreciative of further advantages, before he received them.

Woe to Q, if his report-card did not bear the authentic signature in the space labelled "The parent or guardian will sign below, and return this report to the teacher," so that, as was printed on the

back, ". . . if it is found to contain unsatisfactory markings . . . promptly investigate the matter that the evil may be corrected. . . ."

Thus it came about, in this democracy, that before the organization of the Gang, a series of silent appraisals took place. Boys, more or less unknown to each other, except as they happened to be in the same class, would converge, mutually regard each other with frankness, interest not untempered with suspicion, but with the outward wariness of two terriers, who chance to meet when taking a walk. Then each would turn away and go about his business, with an assumption of carelessness that was nettling on both sides.

Q observed, and was observed. Gradually, the stares and the casually careful meetings, became more or less friendly; Q and several of us, gradually assumed a position which, eventually, might develop into acquaintanceship, if not friendship, were the opportunity—which none had any idea of making for himself—to occur.

When the gongs of liberty rang through the dusty, footworn corridors of the Force School, Q invariably shot out into the yard, with the explosive propulsion of a small bomb. So, rather than by gravitation—a comparatively slow force—the Gang was brought into a series of violent personal collisions with Q, at one time or another. I can only give my own initial experience—the breath was nearly knocked out of me. My recollection of this

incident is quite distinct, because Q, then as always, was marked as TR's son by all the school; and it happened at a time of life when all our impressions are freshest; when incidents, happenings, expressions, conversations, even words, are photographed upon the sensitive negative of the mind.

"Oh, golly!" said Q, seated heavily in the mud by his impact with me. "Why don't you look where you're going?"

"Oh, shut up!" I replied, gasping for breath, and holding my stomach. "You ran into me . . ."

"What's your name?" Q asked abruptly.

"None of your darn business," I answered angrily.

"Oh, yes it is," Q said quickly, "very much. I want to ask you to my house—the White House. But I've got to know your name first. It's a rule none of us like; it's all mixed up with Father being President, you see, and neither Mother nor Father can help it——" He grinned apologetically, and then persuasively.

"My name's Looker," I admitted, softening.

"Looker?" laughed Quentin; "that's wonderful! But not looking where you were going, any more than I was! Look Looker! 'Look,' that's a better name still——"

I looked at him with offended dignity.

"Don't be so *ombliferous*," he said.

My jaw dropped. The word was new; I was

not sure but that it might not be some sort of a fighting word.

Q concentrated his gaze upon me, and then quoted rapidly:

> "There was an Old Person of Hurst,
> Who drank when he was not athirst;
> When they said, 'You'll grow fatter!'
> He answered, 'What matter?'
> That *globular* Person of Hurst."[2]

Well, *globular* was another new one, and I was interested. Thus Q, in an amazing manner, had succeeded in holding my attention and turning my anger. The verse we learned by heart, and later, quite often repeated along with half-a-dozen others, written by Edward Lear, in his *Book of Nonsense.*

While the quaint Q had been quoting, he had been fishing in his bulging pockets for the stump of a pencil, and an extremely soiled piece of White House paper.

"Look here, Look," he said, confirming, for all time, the familiar nickname I still bear, and thrusting the pencil and paper into my hands—another strategic move for my fists were now occupied, and I was helpless—"write down the name of your mother and father, your grandmother and grandfather ——"

"My father was a captain of infantry, my grandfather was an admiral in the Navy," I said, with pardonable pride.

"Army-Navy!" Q cried, glowing with pleasure. "You belong; I should have known that, by the way you *rammed* me! So don't write anything at all. And I can always remember a queer name like that. Mother will just ask Father to ask the Secretary of the Navy all about Admiral Looker, and we won't have to bother about anything else. . . . That's *kismet!*"

"That's what?" I asked, confused by another new word.

"I mean, that's f-a-t-e," Q said solemnly, nodding his big head which—now knowing the word—I can call globular. . . .

Whereupon the bell rang, announcing the end of recess, and we rushed back to the boys' entrance. Perhaps it was in the afternoon session of that same day—if not, certainly soon after—when Q quoted again. The class was discussing the presidents and the teacher, Miss Wallace, said: "Quentin Roosevelt, can you tell us what sort of a President General Grant was?"

"Well, that's rather difficult," Q said, moving uneasily from one foot to another. "I've forgotten whether he was a Democrat or a Republican ——"

"That doesn't make any difference," Miss Wallace said with commendable political fairness. "Can you *describe* General Grant to us?"

"But, it makes a *big* difference," replied Q, quickly, and with great earnestness. "The Repub-

lican presidents have been most u-n-i-f-o-r-m-l-y good—but the Democrats have been, without e-x-c-e-p-t-i-o-n, *terrible*. If Grant was a Republican, I would simply say he was a fine-looking man; but, unfortunately, his beard almost completely hides his face from view. Now, if he was a Democrat, I'd say, and I'm sure I'd be right:

> 'There was an Old Man with a beard,
> Who said, "It is just as I feared!
> Two owls and a hen, four larks and a wren
> Have all built their nests in my beard!'"[2]

It was hardly to be wondered at that, the teaching of our grade reverted, as quickly as order could be restored, to the more usual and less dangerous methods of formal recitation . . . Quentin, although outwardly calm, busied himself with making a spitball when Miss Wallace was not in a position to observe him, but maintaining the stillest of jaws and the gravest of faces when her glance fell in his direction.

Q put the spitball in a sling-shot, made of a thick rubber band drawn across his fingers, and waited for a suitable target. Just then Walker White stood up to recite; Q aimed at the back of his head and let fly; but Q's aim was poor, and the spitball went appallingly on, and caught Miss Wallace full in the face.

Now the good lady was auburn-haired. She rose

from her seat, bore down directly on Q, caught him by the ear and marched him off to the cloakroom. On his way thither, he was making prayerful gestures with his hands, to the class; somehow, he must have imagined there would be no punishment.

But there was . . . in the cloakroom . . . yet Q came back, neither effectively punished nor humiliated, but obviously very angry.

The following morning, the White House carriage with the President in it, appeared in front of the school. Many small faces pressed little noses against window panes, to peer at TR as he strode into the building and disappeared. A moment later he was in the classroom doorway, accompanied by a visibly flustered Principal; everyone dropped work, and stared open-mouthed; Q, to whom the visit was entirely a surprise, and, possibly, an unpleasant shock, turned purple, as his father presented Miss Wallace with a large bouquet, saying as he did so:

"Miss Wallace, I come to offer my apology for Quentin's rude and thoughtless behaviour of yesterday. He was illustrating to me how accidents could happen, and most inadvertently, I suspect, mentioned the spitball. I understand he did not make an altogether satisfactory apology to you, if he made one at all . . . which he most certainly should have done. And so, the least I could do, I thought, would be to come myself. Of course, even now, it's not satisfactory because—as Quentin must

learn—an apology, in order to be really acceptable should be immediately made."

Miss Wallace was quite overcome. Receiving an apology directly from the President of the United States was altogether too much for her and resulted in her almost losing her voice, and being unable properly to answer him.

The class, sitting still as mice, and quite overawed by TR, suddenly became human again, as he smiled upon them, looking most amazingly like his picture which hung next to that of Washington, up above the blackboard.

Little Walker White's big voice boomed out from the back of the room. "Everybody stand up," he commanded, "for the President . . ."

TR turned to him, said abruptly, "One boy, at least, has his manners with him, to-day. That was very nice of you, indeed!" He bowed to Miss Wallace, and without a glance or a word to Quentin, hurried away.

"Golly!" said Q to himself, but quite audibly.

Miss Wallace, no mean tactician, suddenly switched the work of the class to mathematics—or was it arithmetic?—in which realm, silence and concentration combine to bring order out of confusion.

At this point, Fairfax Wallace, a brown-curled girl with an unusually fine name, which much intrigued us, and who possessed an arithmetical sense far beyond our dreams, was called upon. She came up the aisle to exhibit her talent on the blackboard

and to shame the rest of us into sadness and eventual decorum. But it was not to be. The girl had sat upon her dress, as all little girls must do; but rarely do dresses fold back, squash flat, and stay that way. . . . Desk-lids started tapping gently, then louder; feet shuffled, and giggling spread, from girls to boys. I happened to look at Quentin, and Q was gazing, with appalled fascination, at the back of the Wallace girl, about to do her problem at the blackboard.

The class was ecstatic. Q, however, had turned fiery-red down to his collar, and was trembling with anger. Suddenly he scuttled from his desk, bounded up the aisle, reached the Wallace girl and, with the utmost deftness, jerked down the dress.

Then he faced about, and we saw how indignant and distressed he had become. He said nothing; he just glared. Q had grown white, with what I knew to be the most intense and chivalrous humiliation.

This was one occasion of which there were several, when the presence of TR, in the person of his deputy Q, seemed to be almost a physical fact, right in the schoolroom. To some of us, familiar in a hazy way, with King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, it was a simple matter to ignore discrepancies of time and place, and to see knightly chivalry, in an act such as Q's with the Wallace girl.

IV

THE SPORTING CHANCE

A COMBINATION of many knightly souls mixed with the blood of all the mighty Nimrods and Daniel Boones—add a touch of savage scalping zest—is in every small boy. Sometimes, this is hardly clear, because of this particular manner of headlong hunting, chasing, coursing in full hue-and-cry. It is somewhat of a comedown to the chasing of alley cats, but that perchance may be the only practical adventure in immediate prospect. It has been true of boys, since the beginning, that they chase cats on sight, and yelp joyously at them. Paul Ireland, one of our associate cat-chasers—son of Major Ireland who later became Surgeon-General of the Army—yelped at cats in a penetrative tone such as could be heard two blocks, down Massachusetts Avenue.

"Listen!" Q said abruptly. "Paul has treed a cat! Hurry! Hurry!"

We bounded away, coming upon Paul, at the base of a tree, eyeing the cat through his goggle-glasses, and ever and anon throwing his head back to yelp. . . .

For the cat, matters were complicated by the fact that it had been chased out of a limb by another

cat, and in his, or her excitement, had finally slipped, hung, for a moment, by its claws, and fallen to the sidewalk, to be caught by Paul, whose cheek was clawed. Q fell upon Paul, and the Gang piled on top of all three, and held them down, until we were sure of the capture of the cat. We took turns, carrying it to the White House. . . .

During its dangerous and somewhat painful progress, the cat had assumed the character of a wild and vicious animal, and we considered ourselves in the light of some noble band, which had succeeded in ridding the forest of one of the smaller, cross-roads dragons. This dragon we finally secured by tying some clothesline about his neck, and giving him some thirty feet of the most exciting freedom, in the south garden. A catnip ball, found by Q in the depths of a box in his room, was dragged about in circuitous ways about the gardens, for half a mile or more, expecting that the animal would follow it just as a foxhound would the drag. Then we rubbed its nose in the trail, but it showed no interest whatever in the proceedings, and hardly deigned to play with the catnip ball, when we presented it directly.

Finally, Q conceived the brilliant idea of tethering the cat to a big stone, tied to the end of the clothesline. Thus anchored, we shot at it with bow-and-arrow. Suddenly we became aware of official notice of our target practice, TR calling to us from the south portico.

"That's not at all sporting!" he cried. "The cat can only go in a circle, and a small one at that. You're not giving him half a chance. Now if he were free, and some of you were beaters, to shoo him out of the bushes, so that others could get running shots at him, that would be better. Moreover: some of the beaters and the hunters might stand a chance of being wounded, which seems only fair to me. As a matter of fact, it is only because you are such poor shots, that you haven't filled him full of arrows, half a dozen times over ——"

"Practice," Q responded in his, and our defence, "makes perfect ——"

"Yes, yes, I know," TR agreed. "But don't you think you'd better practice on something better than a cat?"

Quentin looked dubious.

TR came down the curving steps of the portico, and directed our energies in a trial of distance-shots. "A well-shot shaft." "Pull back to the ear, like an ancient archer with his grey-goose quill." "Account for windage." "Oh! awful!"—such was some of his running comment.

By this time, we were being watched from the windows of the State-War-Navy Building. TR glanced in that direction, and his face flushed.

"The cat! Release the cat!" he cried suddenly. "They'll think, over there, that *I'm* shooting at the cat! Here's a pretty mess! I can see the newspapers, to-morrow, telling the far corners of the

country that my favourite sport is shooting, with bow-and-arrow, at a tethered cat. 'The President has only killed four cats this week,' they'll say, 'a poor showing for him, since the Presidential cats supplied, are meek, mild creatures, with no great fight in them. . . .'"

Q and the Gang laughed, but began, also, to see the point. "It would be almost as bad for us, wouldn't it, if they told the story on us?" asked Q.

"Worse!" TR replied—"far worse. For you are of the younger and more humane generation, and supposed to know better ——"

The cat was released and, as Paul yelped, it squeezed through the iron fence, and made off in the direction of the Monument. A few minutes later TR, to his tremendous embarrassment, broke one of our bows—a fortunate accident, because, later in the afternoon, a messenger appeared, with a new target, and bigger and better bows, for all of us.

As TR left to return to his official duties, he faced round to us, and said, in his emphatic way: "If you capture something really *sporting* to shoot at—something fast, and strong, and dangerous to life and limb—please let me know, at once. Otherwise, I shall not be interested, nor, do I think, should you. I'm not joking about this ——"

Joke-books were one of Q's failings. Piled together, he spent a heap of his allowance buying them, and worked assiduously through them, to find

jokes about his father. "The worse they are against him," he explained, once, "the better he likes them. Archie found a fearful one, a couple of weeks ago, and I'm still frantic to find a fearfuller."

It was from such incidentals, perhaps, that the Gang learned most.

TR's instruction was, always, far more effective than anything we received at school. There, our elders contemplated us with profound misgiving, baffled, more or less, by the impossibility of ever doing anything with us. They, themselves, had not learned, that we were reasonable, amenable young creatures.

Even Ben W. Murch, who as teacher, principal and division supervisor is remembered vividly by large numbers that passed through Washington schools, would turn away from us, and walk away, heavily, to his office, a sorely-tried man, carrying a load of responsibility, of which the presence of the youngest Roosevelt formed no small part. "Cheese it! Murch!" was the warning cry of both schoolyard and classroom, when scouts reported the Principal as being sighted, bearing down upon conspirators, concerning some particularly impish practical joke, or harassing invention. Scouts were indeed necessary, for when the thick-set, swarthy Murch arrived, it was with a rush, collaring boys and getting a very close approximation of the truth, from most of them. With an understanding and a gift

for description, far beyond his years, Q said: "When Murch comes, the earth trembles with the thundah of his hooves! He terrifies boys into saying things they don't mean. I don't mean, at all, that he doesn't belong," he added, fearing lest his judgment should appear to be too harsh.

Q must have been thinking of the social distinctions, which when they were false, never were a part of the Roosevelt consideration. These were very serious matters, on one occasion, in the village of Northport, Long Island, when Q came from Sagamore Hill to visit me, while I was the guest of my cousin, Mrs. George B. Wilson.

Q's arrival had the village gossips in turmoil, and there was some resentment because certain families had not been selected to have their children meet the son of the President of the United States. This, however, my cousin had not considered; she wished, and rightly, to make no more of Q than of any other boy, or of any other friend of mine.

At lunch, Q, feeling entirely at home, and, with the utter frankness of a small boy, after eating two or three spoonfuls of his dessert, remarked: "This is Long Island ice-cream, I fear!"

So, although it was perfectly good, some of the ice-cream was left over. It was a broiling summer day, and Mrs. Wilson called a neighbour, by telephone, to ask if her children would like it. The answer was startling. The sum of it was, that since her children had not been invited to meet the son

of the President (which had been expected as a social right) her children certainly would not think of eating Q's ice-cream.

"Well," my cousin replied, calmly, and counting, implicitly, upon Q's natural good sense, "would you accept it, if the son of the President brought it over himself?"

This could hardly be refused; so Q, thinking it not at all out of the way, showed himself eager to help, took time to stagger the very considerable distance with the heavy freezer, very properly and democratically delivering it at the back door, where it was impossible, socially of course, for anyone to meet him but the cook.

"Ice-cream for Mrs. ——," Q said professionally.

"Thank you, boy," said that functionary.

"You're quite welcome, I'm sure," said Q.

Like any other healthy-minded boy he would help up to the point where it seemed unreasonable. Authority, without apparent reason, galled him and brought on one notably fierce dispute at school. . . . This was the burning question with regard to the actual boundaries of school authority. Did they extend to the street in front of the school; or were the frontiers, at the iron pickets, keeping the children away from the green grass plots, facing Massachusetts Avenue? Q, I still think, was right, in fixing the actual line at neither place but at the outer edge of the curbstone. For as he asked:

"Don't people in winter have to clean the snow off the sidewalks, in front of their houses? They don't clean any street, do they? Doesn't the city street begin outside the curb?"

This was an important legality, understood by the hokey-pokey man with his pushcart of dubious ice-cream, and his box of questionably clean crackers. His close proximity to Q's pony, too, at recess, was perhaps as poor a hygienic policy, as it was good business. Where Q's calico, Algonquin, stood nervously, held by a White House servant, there was always the greatest density of children, admiring him, envying him, patting him, rubbing his soft muzzle. Incidentally, the problem of bringing Algonquin to school, to meet Q at the end of the afternoon session, was solved by Allan Deane riding a bicycle from the White House stables, up Sixteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue, and leading the diminutive pony, who trotted along after him. Such a procedure would be quite impossible, in the motor traffic of to-day.

Wherever Algonquin was, there, also, was the hokey-pokey man. One day, however, despite the crowd, business depression fell upon him; too much salt in the ice-cream, had spoiled both his trade and his good temper. In the deep recesses of his necessity, the happy inspiration was conceived, that if Q could be induced to buy, his business would revive. He offered Q two hokey-pokey sandwiches, at the price of one. The ice-cream was spread between

two sweet crackers, and eaten in a messy, dripping kind of lump.

"But I haven't any money," Q said.

"Here y'are, anyway f'nothin'," the man offered.

Q refused, because his code forbade him accepting gifts from strangers.

"You get boys t'buy, y'get yours free," the hokey-pokey man offered craftily.

Slats elbowed his way to Q, and told him about the salt. Q was indignant. "That's a mean trick!" Q said loudly.

"No, no, not thisa lot," the man explained. "I get more t'morra; y'get more boy promise t'buy; y'get yours free ——"

That struck Q as being satisfactory; he saw he would be earning his hokey-pokey sandwiches. "If there is any salt in them—the slightest bit"—he said decisively, "I won't do business with you. You must see to that ——"

The Italian promised, and Q went into committee with the Gang, as to the best ways and means to drum up trade to the profit of us all. He was emphatic in stating that he would not consider doing it just for himself. The upshot of it was the adoption of a selling scheme under which each buyer received, along with his purchase from the hokey-pokey man, a piece of paper with a number on it. The next day, those who held certain numbers—the winning ones to be decided by Q himself—were to receive three sandwiches absolutely free. Q was to

receive three, every day for his personal commission, and each member of the Gang two, for writing the numbers on slips of paper.

This suggestion was put before the hokey-pokey man, who countered with the rival proposition that there were to be only six winning numbers, and two sandwiches only, to be given each winner, Q to receive two, the Gang one. After considerable wrangling, we compromised upon these terms. Q shook hands with the Italian to ratify the agreement, and the plan went into effect the next day. The Gang undertook the dangerous and laborious job of writing the tickets on school-pads during school-hours, whenever a teacher was sufficiently occupied to permit of its being proceeded with.

The plan worked splendidly. Business boomed, for we informed the whole school—some six hundred children—at morning recess, Q barking loudest and most effectively, eventually developing in his sales-argument, an historical and patriotic bit of propaganda, to the effect that "George Washington was the Father of his Country, and *might easily have been the inventor of ice-cream. . . .*" This statement, asserted with the utmost gravity, was seriously considered by many, and led to the purchase of ice-cream as an expression of high-minded patriotism.

Q then went into a great silence, selecting the winning numbers, and manfully resisting all attempts to influence his decisions.

After three days of record sales, and the consumption of a quite satisfactory amount of ice-cream, we were thoroughly disgusted by Murch putting a stop to our traffic, on the ground that he regarded it as a lottery, and, therefore, was opposed to it.

Q protested to him personally, saying in part: "You're boss as far as the curb, but not one inch over it. Absolutely not! We grant you the sidewalk, but certainly not the street, where the ice-cream is. I shall ask Major Sylvester about it." (Richard Sylvester was the Superintendent of Police of the District of Columbia.) Murch, however, was adamant.

"Darned unfair!" Q said angrily. "Something *ought to be done about you, really!*"

It may have been about this time that Mrs. Roosevelt suddenly arrived at the school, in the White House carriage. Following the President's unexpected visit, this was a notable incident for our neighbourhood, or for aristocratic Massachusetts Avenue, for that matter, as the reins were handled by the first coachman. Presently, Mrs. Roosevelt was met by Mr. Murch, who hurried back for his hat, and departing with her engaged in a most earnest conversation as they rode through the streets of Washington.

We were sure that some matter of discipline was involved; we hoped desperately, too, that something "was being done" about Murch. But knowing Q

to be no tattle-tale; knowing, also, that it was utterly outside his code to complain to his mother or father, however sharp his disagreement with school authority, or bitter his anger against the Principal, we were afraid the real subject of the conversation was the disciplining of Q.

Such it undoubtedly was; for soon afterwards Q remarked, with no apparent cause: "I know it's right that I should be treated like everybody else. I want that. But what's the matter with me? I *am* like everybody else. . . . But why do people have to keep telling me I *should* be? If Murch keeps it up, he'll make me *different,* and then, he'll be sorry. . . ."

V

THE EDUCATION OF THE SPIRIT

QUENTIN understood, vaguely, as did the rest of us, that there *were* various mystifying problems that were his, because he lived in the White House, and that were not ours—because we did not. Without being able to compile a clear statement concerning any one of them, we puzzled considerably over Quentin, ourselves, and this problem; and we all profited, for the beginnings of logical thought were thus induced. . . . Q interrogated himself, as he had done about being "different," as TR, himself might well have done at Q's age, had he possessed Q's splendid mental and physical vigour—which, we know, the President had to achieve slowly, painfully, by struggle. There was no doubt but that Q inherited great possessions. Then, his home environment—no family understood each other better—produced in Q, a little later, a most startlingly clear point of view, for one his age.

As he grew older, and we with him, his gift of penetrative acumen was enlarged. It was never unkind, never mean; always it was quick, spontaneous —sometimes totally elusive to written words, and that simply because, like as not, it might bubble up

in an after-chuckle in relation to something he considered deliciously serious.

Even in 1905, when Q was but eight years old, TR wrote in a letter to Kermit, ". . . The other day a reporter asked Quentin something about me; to which that affable and canny young gentleman responded, 'Yes, I see him sometimes; but I know nothing of his family life.' " [1]

School, indeed, under these circumstances, might have been considered almost as an outside activity of Quentin's—one quite apart from his acquisition of real education. For this education, was of the spirit, where deep-down convictions were discovered and cultivated. The two very great and complementary personalities of his mother and father, gave Q suggestions which were at once powerful and gentle. Even the Gang was quickened by them—through Q. The best stimulation comes from concrete, consistent, easily-observable example; neither TR nor Mrs. Roosevelt were ever negative. Q possessed physical courage and a clear recognition of the rights of others; both these qualities were traits of his parents. Quentin was a good loser, and no matter how fizzy with sodas—a small boy's stomach largely governs his temper—he was a generous winner.

Q would not have been a human boy—he was entirely that—had he possessed many other virtues, or had he been immune to moments of abstraction, when he seemed to gaze vacantly into space. There

was, however, this difference—he kept to himself at such times, as though he did not wish to take part in affairs unless he were able to make the fullest sort of contribution. This may have been why he painted, in white uneven characters, upon the door of his room at Sagamore Hill, the warning legend, "DOOR LOCKED." It remains there to this day, treasured as one of the mementos of his naïveté. . . .

On top of all this, Q's reading was beginning to be as omnivorous as TR's. He digested much, from what he said about it, and it got into his blood. Words, phrases, uncanny bits of knowledge about places and things; and attitudes of mind resulted.

But when he reached the fifth grade, Q put his tongue in his cheek, and struggled manfully with the necessity of doing something about his spelling. From some of his ingenuous school-papers, shown by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt to the Gang Chronicler, it may be gathered that his oral vocabulary, like that of all small boys, had raced far ahead of his slow, painfully-scrawled caligraphy:

White House,
Washington, D. C.,
May 16, 1907.

"Mr C P Taft:
roof rooves hoof hooves solar lunar stellar nectar Lunar means anything related to the *moon* Recite your lessons promptly, distinctly, and slowly. Donkeys. attorneys

Cordially yours
QUENTIN ROOSEVELT"

This "donkeys-attorneys" term was partly prophetic, although possibly intended as a jibe, at the time. Charles P. Taft, 2nd, has become an extremely able lawyer, following well—in personal and professional distinction—the footsteps of his father, Ex-President William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Thinking back to the Force School days, and knowing Charlie's steadiness of purpose, one sees that it is quite possible, even then, he may have decided upon his career. Certainly he displayed more concentration than any of his companions.

For the rest of us, study was hard but experience, easy; for example, there was a man, not regularly on the school payroll, who sometimes appeared as an extra hand to help the janitor with the furnace-work. He, of all men, certainly was not nameless; indeed, there were no names which had ever been heard or invented by boys, which were not applied to him, and he deserved them all. I have forgotten his real name. He must have been born an old man, with a broom in his hand; he *never could* have been a boy. Q hated him, in common with the rest of us—hated him so thoroughly, so vehemently, as to be sorry for him. "He's a mummy," he would say, "with an Adam's apple untanned." This may seem incomprehensible, still it was a complete description; to which I can add nothing, except to say, that he wore a greasy cap.

Swathed in blue overalls, the mummy would come

up from the regions of the boiler-room, and croak, pointing accusing fingers at any boy he noticed, blaming him on principle, not from knowledge, for crimes committed or contemplated. Simply described, the mummy exemplified the conflict between careless youth and crabbed age—and he knew it. If, for example, he found a piece of chocolate wrapping, a cracker-box or an uneaten sandwich lying around, he would reach his ghastly, bony arm for the nearest boy, and shake him until his bones rattled.

One such incident Q saw.

"Stop that!" he shouted. "You! You should be *smashed* for that!"

The mummy loosed the boy, who scurried away, and reached out a clutching hand for Quentin. Q slapped him resoundingly across his mouth. . . . For a moment, the mummy was too stunned to act. Then he swung his broom, like a scythe, at Q's legs.

Q caught it, pulled desperately, and secured possession. Instead of attacking him with it, as many another boy would have done, Q flung the broom away from him. "That wasn't fair, either!" he reprimanded.

The pair stood regarding each other for a moment, in the semi-darkness of the boys' playroom in the basement. Then Quentin forced the issue. "Say you're ashamed of yourself!" he commanded. The mummy responded by making another pass at Q. Quentin dove at his legs.

At this juncture, the Gang launched a determined attack upon the mummy from three other points of attack . . . eventually, we all broke away.

"Such people," said Q, dusting himself, and still livid with anger, ". . . such people have no business——" He let it go at that, and his expression changed to one of hopefulness. "Don't you see what we've done?" he said, chuckling. "We've smashed him *once*. Really, we ought to smash him r-e-g-u-l-a-r-l-y whenever he appears, until he's here no more—no more."

Yet his purely altruistic plan to rid our society of an evident evil, died, like so many flashes of high resolve which are continually exhausting a boy, do die. Older people wonder why he is so irritable; quite often it is because of his first realization of frustration, when opposed to things as they are.

Out of these feelings, undoubtedly, grew the sudden naming of the Gang "The Committee of Public Safety." Q said he had read of such a thing in a book of French history; but he was just as hazy, as to details, as the rest of us. We had little or no conception of its implication; nevertheless every time we used the title among ourselves, we flattered our own virtue. After a while, its use came to alter our viewpoint, making us critical of human motives, concerning which, hitherto, we had been more or less passive.

Too much amiability in our direction, immediately placed the person exhibiting it under the suspicion

of The Committee of Public Safety. As an example, one of the clerks of the Executive Office was unfortunate, or unwise enough to try to worm himself into our good graces. On the gravel-path outside the offices, we happened to be interrogating him, one day, just at the moment that the President and a member of the famous "Tennis Cabinet" were passing on their way to the courts. Q was gravely telling the clerk that we were all sure he, ". . . had some *sinister* plan in mind." The Committee of Public Safety was standing around the clerk in a solemn circle, striving to discover some signs of guilt in his countenance.

TR heard the word "sinister," and halted abruptly. "'Sinister'?" he asked. "What in the world do you mean by that?"

When he realized that the President had heard Quentin's remark, the clerk trembled, turned crimson, then white. Q stammered something about it being a beautiful word, but that he was not quite exactly sure as to just what it meant. The Committee shifted from one foot to the other, its members being, now, old enough to realize what it was to be self-conscious.

TR turned to his friend in flannels. "What a word!" he said. "Some newspaperman or other must be responsible for that!"

For some time following, there was active competition amongst us in the matter of acquiring words useful for oratory. But none of us could catch up

with Q, who had a head-start with such breath-takers as "intrepidity, irrevocable, emphasis, strategic, inconscious"—which last I cannot find in any dictionary—and "humilitible," another unknown. But the phrase we liked best was "personal aggrandizement." When Q used it he would employ and emphasize all the syllables, enunciating them just as his father would. He coined several words for personal use, in mystifying people moreover, and would use them haphazardly, holding not at all to the original meanings he may have assigned to them. One of these, I remember, was "hohaverfast."

We all assisted at the coining of "hohaverfast." One spring afternoon we drove with Mrs. Roosevelt to Dr. Rixey's farm, crossing the river by the Aqueduct Bridge, and going on up into the undulating hills of Virginia. Medical Director Presley M. Rixey, then ranked Captain—later Admiral, was TR's personal physician. We rarely saw him unless he were booted and spurred, and riding over woodless hills, down into valleys, and up again against the sky-line. We would run with him as long as we were able, and then, exhausted, wait until he galloped back.

We all admired Dr. Rixey, and so were very proud to hold his horse, while he talked with Mrs. Roosevelt. We were all standing about the horse, under a chestnut tree. There were still some burrs on the ground, and Q very carefully slipped one of

them under the saddle on Dr. Rixey's horse. The physician, having finished his conversation with Mrs. Roosevelt, returned, mounted, threw his right leg across the saddle, and was off to a thrilling leap followed by a furious gallop, around the house and out of sight. We all yelled, and it was then, that Q shouted "Hohaverfast!" I cannot explain the word unless it were that the Doctor was holding on ("ho") with everything he had ("haver") and going right away from there ("fast"). Quentin's mind worked quite as quickly as *that.*

Mrs. Roosevelt waited, some time, for Dr. Rixey to return. But he went miles, and did not reappear that day.

It could hardly have been at any other time, than just after our secret success with the chestnut burr, that the B. H. S. S. was formed, with Dick as its first, and last president. The membership qualifications were simple for, with one exception, only members of the Gang were eligible. This exception was John Foster, known as "Little-Bits," who was allowed to witness some of our rites, without, however, being initiated into the true mysteries of them. "Little-Bits" was younger, and the Gang felt paternally protective towards him; moreover, he also met our need for someone who, being somewhat in the know, would, also, be satisfyingly awed by our proceedings.

To all the world but ourselves, B. H. S. S. stood (quite obviously) for Black Hand Secret Society,

though it was hardly ever secret from the moment Q, followed by the rest, inked the palm and fingers of his right hand, and pressed it firmly against the spotlessly pure White House. The spot, and spots, was, and were, on the wall, near to where one comes out of the boiler-room into the west area-way, which lies, like a dry moat, between the north carriage-drive and the house itself.

Six black-hands were there, for the initiate and many of the White House staff to see, until they were eventually painted over. As no comment or complaint ever came from anyone about the matter, we considered it hardly worth while to print them again. In the meantime, the secret import of the letters had leaked out, through a message intercepted at school, intended, only, for members of the society. To our great disgust and tremendous anger, we were soon being asked if we were not the "Baby's Home Sewing Society. . . ."

"Nothing of the sort, you darn fool!" Q denied hotly to one interrogator.

"Well, if it isn't Black Hand Society, what is it?"

Quentin did not deny the true name; he petitioned Dick for a hurried meeting; the name was immediately dropped, and became simply B. H. S. S.—without any meaning whatever.

Within five minutes Q sought out his erstwhile questioner. "It's not Black Hand Secret Society at all—honestly it isn't," he stated. "Now guess *what* it is—if you can!"

VI

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

AVERSIONS to many things and people—particularly to girls—came gradually upon us. We discovered that the latter were afraid of us; they seemed to be growing softer and we more and more scornful. Q once remarked he thought it unmanly to be seen talking to one—a conviction which, doubtless, he kept from his sisters. The boys' and the girls' entrance had much to do with this cleavage. There was, at this time, nothing quite so pleasingly thrilling than for the Gang to form a wedge in the schoolyard, and, headed by Q, charge through the girls' entrance and up into the school. Because it was against all rules, the most gallant time to run a risk of official punishment, was just as the girls' lines were forming, to return to the classrooms, at the close of recess. As Q said, the girls "hung around, like a lot of fools waiting for the bell to ring, instead of leaving it until the lastest minute, as we do! Still, it does give one a fine sort of feeling, when they shriek and shriek, as we come busting through them. . . ."

Out of this onset there developed a species of war between the sexes, the whole school, except the

serious top-grades, following the lead of the Gang, with frantic and enthusiastic zeal, dragging girls by pigtails, breaking up their games, and herding them in corners, for no other purpose than just to keep them there, and make life generally miserable for them.

But a realization of its unfairness dawned upon Q one morning—suddenly. During the excitement of the first recess a little girl had fallen in the mud, and although not hurt, seriously, had been trampled upon. Q's indignation was particularly intense, because this girl was Elsa Raner, who brought her violin to school, several times a week. Her playing, even then, was lovely, and, many times, we had been thrilled by the limpid tones she brought out of her violin, when asked to play. She became the pupil of Leopold Auer, and now needs no introduction as concert violinist. . . .

"Happening to *her,* of all people!" Q said, greatly perturbed. "This won't do; we must put a stop to it, immejitly!"

The Gang looked dubious, almost antagonistic.

"Then," Q said, with finality, his body shaking with emotion, as TR's did, when he pounded home an important point in a speech, "I ["Aiee," like TR] will be a girl myself, even if nobody else will ——"

We looked upon him in appalled silence. Q walked directly into the middle of the girls' part of the playground, his face scarlet with embarrassment,

Form 811. 50 M. 7-16-'03. 7566 1902-'04.

Board of Education of the District of Columbia.

First Grade Force School First Division.

Report of Quentin Roosevelt for year ending June 1904

STANDING IN STUDIES

	Arithmetic	Grammar and Language	Penmanship	Reading	Spelling	Geography	History and Civics	Physiology	Algebra		
OCTOBER	G.	E	F.	G.							
NOVEMBER	E	E	F.	G.							
DECEMBER											
JANUARY	E	E	G.	E							
FEBRUARY	E	E	G.	G.							
MARCH	E	E	G.	E							
APRIL	E	E	G.	E							
MAY	E	E	E	E							
JUNE											

ATTENDANCE AND DEPORTMENT

	Number of School Days	Number of Days Present	Number of Times Tardy	Deportment
OCTOBER	22	18	0	G.
NOVEMBER	19	10	0	G.
DECEMBER	17	11	0	G
JANUARY	20	20	0	G.
FEBRUARY	20	18	0	G.
MARCH	23	20	0	G.
APRIL	15	14	0	G.
MAY	21	20	0	G.
JUNE				

The parent or guardian will sign below and return this report to the teacher.

E K Roosevelt
E. K. Roosevelt
E. K. Roosevelt
E. K. Roosevelt
E. K. Roosevelt
E. K. Roosevelt
E. K. Roosevelt
E. K. Roosevelt

NOTE.—The Grades of Marking are Excellent, Good, Fair and Poor, and are indicated by the initial letters, E, G, F and P.

(Over.)

B. C. Bushman Teacher.

By permission of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt

Quentin's first report card with studies fair to excellent and deportment, with amazing consistency—good

and addressing a group of girls briefly, announced his intention, to their most evident bewilderment and distrust.

This was too much for the Gang; we rushed after him, and, in a few minutes, had organized a staff for the management of the girls' campaign, led by Q. The effect of our desertion upon the other boys was rather demoralizing, for, immediately, some of the weaker of them came over to us; but the bulk remained loyal to their own sex. A series of violent personal encounters, marked by extreme animosity, resulted. Quite often, the combined strength of the entire Gang was needed in order to effect rescues, and prevent real beatings being handed to individual members.

Apart from the excitements and exercises of recess, it was an unusual event in school-life when we were allowed to act, or think for ourselves. Even the name of the school had an ominous sound, and Q spoke scornfully of being "Forced" to do this, or that.

Slats Stead's disturbance at our acrimonious remarks regarding Force, was only understood, years later, when we discovered that the school was named after his great-grandfather, Peter Force (1790–1868). Force was Mayor of Washington, when it was but a chartered city; he was a Major-General of Militia, a writer, a student and collector of rare books. But he is best known—by American historians, at any rate—for his *Force Papers,*

an invaluable body of material, to be found in the Library of Congress.

We knew nothing of all this, and, in all probability, would not have shown any proper respect if we had; Slats was wise in holding his tongue. All we knew was, that school was a distasteful drudgery, this one in particular. But rarely were efforts made to capture our interest, and use it as motive power.

Schools have made great strides during the last twenty years, although formal education is the tardiest and most reluctant movement to take heed of knowledge acquired meanwhile by the rest of the world. In the days I am describing, school-boards were groping like children into various half-understood experiments. One of these was in geography. The system was, to suddenly split up the dead subject into parts, and allot special countries to various children. Instantly, the whole subject came to life, as, for a while, we became intensely interested specialists.

Q and I were presented with the whole of Alaska. We burrowed into the subject with the determination of young bookworms, resolved to eat our way clear through and out at the other side. The research was magnificent. With the impetuosity habitual to him, TR threw himself into it, as assiduously as if he were preparing a Presidential Message. Not that he took the matter out of our hands; on the contrary, the President turned aside,

merely to assume direction of the enterprise, an element which was sadly lacking.

But what a direction! "What of coal and iron?" he would ask us. "And have you thought about forests? Do you know there are mo-squi-toes up there, and the most gor-geous spring flowers? Find out their names and get pictures of them, and do not forget the birds and beasts," he added, "and what men are doing now——"

Various governmental bureaus of those days may possibly recall the abrupt appearances of a small, demanding young Roosevelt, accompanied by his pop-eyed overly-serious assistant, Look, carrying bulging portfolios and sharpened pencils; conducting investigations; cross-examining department heads; getting copies of official pamphlets; taking voluminous notes on Executive Office stationery; trying to correlate half-a-dozen agencies at once; "coöperating" with every known expert; winnowing the smart and facetious answers from the true, serious and informative.

The resultant lecture before the school was delivered by Q, for the simple reason that I was in no way vocal and Q was—fluently so. That is to say, he *had* been, until the applause which had greeted his unrolling of the map of Alaska, subsided. Then, to his horror and my acute suffering, he found himself absolutely speechless! He turned purple; swallowed a number of times, painfully, and in rapid succession; clutched at his collar, like a

grown man about to have some sort of a fit; stared, round-eyed and appealingly, to me.

I whispered the opening sentence from our pile of notes, "Alaska is really a great big country—all by itself ——"

"Alaska," Q said rushingly, "is really all by itself—all alone as it were,—sort of jut-jutting off into the sea as you see, sea all on one side, and, in fact, on the top, as you see by the map here, coloured just like the rest of the U. S. to which it belongs by purchase . . . Undoubtedly . . ."

As he went along, Q began to perspire freely and to gesticulate wildly, and still more wildly, with his hands, which he quickly hid behind his back, every time he became recurrently conscious of them. Still, I saw, from the strained look on the faces of the class, that all this information we had amassed, had begun to trickle out. . . . As a first appearance on a public platform Q's was really a very creditable performance, that is, from the point of view of information, if not from that of efficient delivery.

Q had so much to say, that at a standard rate of speech, comprehensible to average ears and intelligence, it was impossible to say it all; so he disregarded them, and concentrated upon the small friendly group of the Gang, to whom he poured out his information at a rate, with which none of the executive stenographers could possibly have coped.

Abruptly he came to his climax, declaimed it, and

stopped. He was completely and absolutely finished. He waited for the tumultuous applause which he and I had imagined would instantly be forthcoming. There was not a sound. Q turned purple again, and waited *and* waited. . . .

The class stirred uneasily in its seat, becoming sensitive to that terrible, blank moment—sensing it as one of those moments each one knew so well—moments when one suddenly found he had forgotten everything he ever knew! The silence lengthened. . . .

"Well," Q said finally, sharply catching his breath, "that's ab-so-lute-ly everything about Alaska; you're lucky to have heard it. My father and the whole Govern-ment have spent endless time upon it, just for you, and they *know*. You bet!"

Whereupon, erect and stiff-legged he walked back to his desk, and sat down. Then the applause broke—acceptably, soothingly. We had not entirely failed.

"I don't care what anybody thinks," remarked Q. "*We* know it was good, and you deserve a third of the credit——"

Despite his lofty impulses, Quentin was, of course, absolute boy, hoping that at every street corner something might be induced to happen. I have often walked about the streets of Washington, —those wide, tree-bordered avenues—with much the same emotion as that with which a veteran, bearing the scars and ribbons of many engagements, views

the terrain of his chief encounters. There is scarcely a block, between the White House and the Force School, and between the school and the homes of members of the Gang, but have for me poignant or hilarious memories.

At the corner of Connecticut Avenue and N Street, I touched the high, iron-railing (now gone) about the cramped garden-plot of the British Embassy, and bowed to the gilded Lion and Unicorn, fighting for the Crown. For here, Q's neck and ours were saved. . . . There was a certain boy, older than ourselves, whom the Gang did not like. It makes no difference as to whether we were right or wrong in the matter. Q described him best, in his inimitable mimicry, " ' Have you seen a cawf, going down the pawth, to take a bawth? ' he says, and the next minute, he forgets himself and says, ' Have you seen a caalf, going down the paath, to take a baath.' *That* sort of a fellah! "

We could no more resist pursuing this senior from school to the doorstep of his home, than we could disregard the wet snow which lay upon the ground.

" Whock him! " cried Q, in ecstasy and excitement, pressing a lump of snow together between his knees, " Whock him! "

The boy retreated with precipitation, and we after him shouting loudly. Q let fly his hard one; a carriage suddenly interposed; there was a crash of glass; the horses, sparks striking from their shoes, were reined up, and an old lady opened the carriage

door and put out her long and very indignant face.

"I'm t-e-r-r-i-b-l-y sorry!" Q explained to her. "I wasn't aiming at you at all ——"

"I might have been seriously hurt," she snapped. "Evidently you are a very dangerous boy. I can see, by looking at you, that you ought to be kept off the streets. What's your name, and where do you live? You shall be made to pay for this outrage! Come, answer me!"

Q drew himself up, controlling himself admirably. "I'm Quentin Roos-e-velt," he said distinctly, "I live in the White House, and I'll pay for your darned old window, out of my allowance. . . ."

"Why, you horrid little liar!" cried the old lady, shaking her long jet earrings. "I have half a mind to have you arrested for that! Why! This is too much to stand! That's outrageous! Imagine a young rag-tag-and-bob-tail pretending such a thing. . . ."

"These clothes I'm wearing, are only my second-best ——" Q explained, as he imagined, with finality.

Dick Chew was only partially successful in stifling a guffaw, and the outraged dowager turned upon him. "And you, young man," she said with biting sarcasm, "whom do *you* represent yourself to be?"

Dick was instantly serious. "I am the son of Christopher Columbus," he answered, with an important air.

Q gave Dick a quick, reproachful look, and at

the same instant we saw a policeman rapidly crossing Dupont Circle in our direction. The Gang, as with one mind, instantly divined the old lady's sinister purpose—that of holding us in conversation, until the policeman could get his hands on Q.

The Gang clutched Q, and started to drag him away, arguing loudly the advantages of instant flight.

"She's an old—old—wallaby!" Q said. "Still, I ought not to go. . . . I should stay and explain to the cop that it was an accident. But she deserves to have her old glass whocked, anyway!"

By this time we had succeeded in herding Q some twenty feet along the line of escape. Meanwhile, the policeman had heard enough from the angry occupant of the carriage to cause him to call to us, "Hey, come back here!" He took a step towards us, and the Gang broke and ran.

"Come back here, if you know what's good for you!" the policeman shouted harshly.

"Just for that," Q cried, white and trembling, "I *won't!*" Bounding after us, he yelled, "Beat it! Run!"

Down Connecticut Avenue we ran, the policeman pounding along after us, and across the slippery car-tracks, to the opposite sidewalk. We were sprinting with all our strength, but the policeman was gaining. . . .

"Turn in the gate!" Q cried, between gasps.

"Turn in the gate, at the end of the block! The gate! The *gate!*"

There was only one gate, that of the little front garden of the British Embassy, and we swung around into it, as though we were pioneers, pursued by savages to the shelter of a stockade.

"*Sanctuary!*" Q cried with exultation, and sobbing breath.

There was no time to ask him to explain the word. It was a Quentinism, one supposed; besides, the policeman was now upon us.

"Don't you dare come in here!" Q cried, in an altogether new tone of authority. "*This is British territory!*"

To our amazement, the policeman halted abruptly outside the row of iron pikes, with the cast halberd fringes. "What do you know about that?" he asked, doffing his helmet and wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. "Don't get fresh now! Come on out o' there. You've just broke a carriage window an' I'm going to ——"

"You're going to do nothing," Q said decisively. "And we're not coming out. *You* can't come in here, and you *know* you can't. We can because—well, because we're diplomatic guests here. My Father is a great friend of the Ambassador, and he said I could come and see him any time I liked, and bring my friends. You'll have to go to a telephone to ask permission to come in—which you won't get

—or write a letter. That would be better, really ——"

"You're talking nonsense," said the policeman, yet making no move to enter the garden.

"Tell that to Major Sylvester," Q suggested. "He's a great friend of mine—personally. Tell him I broke that cab-window. I did. I gave the old lady my name, and I'm going to pay for it . . . but I am not going to be a-r-r-e-s-t-e-d for it. No boy should ever be arrested!"

Just then the main door of the Embassy opened, and a short, energetic man, clad in a cape, and carrying a cudgel rather than a stick, emerged, and came down the steps. It was His Excellency, James Bryce, O. M., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, jurist, historian, man of letters, Fellow of the Royal Society, recipient of many academic honours, mountain-climber and Ambassador from the British King to Washington.

"Ambassador Bryce!" the policeman said, and saluted.

"Well—well?" Bryce enquired, his sharp eyes sparkling under the grey thatch of his heavy brows. "What's all this about, eh?"

Meanwhile Q, for no reason apparent to us, had made himself scarce, disappearing behind our backs.

"One of these boys has just broke a carriage window with a snowball, sir," the policeman said, "and he tells me I can't come into the Embassy grounds to get him ——"

"Well, he knows his diplomacy," Bryce said, incisively. "The lad is entirely right. You are confronted with a problem. . . . May I ask, if there is any extraordinary crime in the fact of a broken window? Isn't it rather an inevitable result of this snowy weather? No; most certainly you cannot touch him here. And of course, you do not want me to lay violent hands upon him, to eject him, what? You'll have to wait for him!"

"And you'll wait forever and ever," muttered Q, from behind our backs.

Ambassador Bryce never looked at us; perhaps that was because he imagined he might break into laughter, if he did, over what he realized was an extremely serious matter for us. He simply marched through the gate, wheeled right, and strode down Connecticut Avenue, swinging his cudgel, as if nothing had happened.

The policeman watched him for a moment, then, for another moment, looked at the gilded crowns on the posts beside the gate. After which, he turned slowly on his heel, and walked away, down N Street.

"Bryce, the Lion and the Unicorn are all jolly good old beasts! What?" said Q, pointing to the Royal Arms of Britain, over the door of the old, Victorian, red-brick Embassy that used to be. "What? What?" Q repeated. "But if Mr. Bryce had seen who we were," he continued, defending his momentary disappearance, "the King of Eng-

land would be laughing at us, to-morrow morning, in B-u-c-k-i-n-g-h-a-m Palace. We didn't want that, did we?"

We did *not* and said so; also, that Q was right.

"Gosh!" said Quentin abruptly. "Isn't this t-e-r-r-i-b-l-e; I didn't get that old wallaby's name and she'll think I never intend to pay her. . . ." Then, after a long moment of thought, he added, "She'll remember us, until her dying day——"

And I shall remember it, too, just as I shall another encounter with the cops, which also occurred, while the Gang were on their way to the White House. But this time we were proceeding directly, as engagements with TR or Mrs. Roosevelt were sacred, and nothing allowed to stand in their way—not, however, from any grown-up reasons of paramount command, but because we loved them both as two very human people, who were close to us.

One Fall afternoon, the Gang was to meet TR, to take a walk with him. The trees of Rock Creek Park had turned scarlet and brown, and there was an exhilarating crispness to the air; even the work horses, we passed along Sixteenth Street, stepped along with an added spring and verve.

Q, detained at school, because of hilarious deportment, was frantically writing some foolish sentence, twenty-five times, upon the blackboard while the Gang, in a bunch, went on ahead towards the White House. Quentin was to follow, mounted.

We trudged along rather glumly, for we had

counted on taking turns riding the pony, ourselves, a Gang privilege of which Q was ever generous. . . . Finally, at the end of Sixteenth Street, we entered Lafayette Square. Looking behind us, we saw a black speck away up Sixteenth Street, that looked as if it might be Quentin, and another larger blot which possibly was Allen.

But we kept on going, discussing how best to announce Q's tardiness to TR. Just as we passed around the statue of Andrew Jackson, teetering on his hobby-horse, police whistles began to shrill, from both ends of the park. . . .

Q had galloped down Sixteenth Street, but instead of turning right, along H, and left, again, at the next block, to go around the park, he was riding directly across the beautiful turf and paths! When we first saw him, he was jumping Algonquin over the corner of a small, carefully-raked flower-bed. The pony landed on all fours and slid, tearing up the sod in long deep gashes.

"Beat it! Beat it!" Q shouted to us. "Don't keep Father waiting! He hates nothing worse!"

The two park-policemen were shouting, also, and running to catch Quentin and the devastating pony. Q jerked out his dollar watch, waved it at them, and yelled something about not having time to do anything else—which was incomprehensible as an explanation. . . . But the officers kept on, fired with the obvious intent of capturing him, alive if possible; so Q pivoted Algonquin neatly,

dodged about a magnolia tree, avoided the clutch of the law, bolted across the sidewalk out of the park, clattered in front of a street-car frantically clanging for him to get out of the way, galloped furiously through the White House carriage-entrance, and up the roadway to the *porte-cochère,* abandoning Algonquin in a cloud of dust. . . .

The motorman abruptly wound up his brake, when he saw the Gang streaming out of the park after Quentin, and being closely pursued by the two policemen trying to head us off. The park custodians were amazed and shocked when we, also, made for the White House entrance and were welcomed by the regular police-guard. One of them left his post to explain to the park-policemen. As I looked back, I saw the street-car just starting again, its passengers sitting amazed by the sudden infantry charge bursting out of the park, led by its mounted commander, and its notable objective.

To our great relief TR's flashing grin which followed the explanations we had to make, together with his after-chuckles, showed us he was not very seriously concerned about the school deportment.

Q said, a little later about school: "Dr. Rixey agrees with me that it isn't the college—I've been talking to him about Harvard—as much as it is the a-s-s-o-c-i-a-t-i-o-n. Now, it's the same way with the Force School; it isn't the darned old school so much, it's the Gang!"

VII

THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD

IT must be borne in mind that, every Sunday morning in church we were wont to hear that beautiful prayer: ". . . Most heartily we beseech Thee, with Thy favour, to behold and bless Thy servant THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, and all others in authority. . . . Endue them plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant them in health and prosperity long to live; and finally, after this life, to attain everlasting joy and felicity. . . ."

Often, after playing with the President on a Saturday afternoon, our sureness of equality with him was so definite that at the end of this Sunday prayer we actually refrained from joining in the deep, reverberating " Amen " of the congregation, because we felt not at all uncertain that the Gang was included in that prayer, as being among " all others in authority." We were exalted, and, somehow, it did not seem to be in exactly good taste to " amen " a prayer for ourselves, since, at that moment, we imagined, millions of people also were praying for us. So we stood very straight and quivering, for most assuredly we had been wrought upon by the influence of a great and good man.

It was in this period that the approach of a member of the Gang, to the White House, had something about it of an impossibly fantastic princely progress. There was a thumping, martial music in his heart, as he passed through one of the gates on Pennsylvania Avenue, and walked with a sort of skipping cadence up the long path, curving beside the carriage-drive—ceaselessly watched by the Secret Service.

Still the Gangster would not have been so astonished had the long, blue arm of the law reached for him, and a heavy hand caught him roughly by the coat-collar. Instead, the policemen merely groomed their fierce moustaches with white-gloved hands as that small boy passed, and purred pleasantries like so many sleek cats. That, in itself, was, at first, more than disturbing; it was not at all natural. So the boy would be breathless, as he came under the golden lantern, suspended from the ceiling of the high-columned *porte-cochère;* by the time the doormen, in the swallow-tails and brass buttons of the Presidential livery, popped out of the glittering, double-doors and bowed him through he would be speechless. . . .

Once, after I had thus safely entered the White House, without let or hindrance, I met the other members of the Gang, assembled in more or less mute contemplation of marble floors, and the Great Seal of the United States of America, inlaid in polished brass—we thought it solid gold—and we were

steered to the ushers' room to the right of the main entrance. Here, a minor crisis arose, which, as I understand it now, was Rooseveltian in its unconventional conception, and correspondingly satisfactory in results.

The ushers' room was connected, by an intercommunicating telephone system, with all parts of the White House; when I arrived an usher—Irwin H. ("Ike") Hoover, since become Chief Usher—judging the Gang completely present, telephoned to Q's rooms that we had arrived. Mr. Hoover, receiving an answer over the wire, looked startled and said into the instrument, "No! I can't say that, at all! What ever are you thinking?"

There was a distinctly audible click in the earpiece, and Mr. Hoover looked out of the window, confused and embarrassed. Drumming his fingers impatiently on the table, he finally said, "Quentin says . . . well, he says he can't see you to-day ——"

Slats Stead, who had been more or less argumentative all day, said quickly, "Darn him! You tell him that's no way to behave!"

Inasmuch as Slats had appointed himself first spokesman, the Gang nodded solemnly, and in angry agreement.

"Tell him," said Dick, "that we really didn't want to see him, anyway."

"Tell him, too," Brom said, "we only stopped in because we happened to be passing by."

"And tell him," Walker piped in, "that he can go and chase himself to Washington Circle ——"

Mr. Hoover was, and is, no mean diplomatist. So he laughed, picked up the telephone again and after some delay, which we understood to be Q's ignoring of the call, delivered the return messages *verbatim,* adding, "Quent, they're mighty sore at you, and I think they're right. They're all going now, of course ——"

We could hear Q's answer, as he shouted, "Golly! Don't let 'em leave the house. . . . Bring 'em up! Bring 'em up! I just wanted to know what they'd say, and they—said—it—and I want ——"

We found Q standing on his head—with the help of a table—in the middle of the great upper hall, trying adequately to express his pleasure at our insulting remarks.

"Somebody," Q said, with his father's directness, "just told me that you only came to see me, because this was the White House; I wanted to kick him on his seat of govern-ment; but being able to tell him about *this,* will be better than anything." Then the famous after-chuckle bubbled up—"And I won't get in d-u-t-c-h this way, either ——"

Q's thought was not too complex for us to follow; inasmuch as we understood that he regarded our disagreeable remarks as proofs of personal affection—which they undoubtedly were—although it took us some minutes to forget that we were still

angry. But in the course of a little while we *did* forget, and forgetting, forgave him.

Q was in no way scatter-brained, although the wide range of his remarks, on any subject interesting him, often made him appear so, to people who did not really know him. This same trait was his father's possession, but with TR, the habit of compassing the particular subject was instantly appreciated. A most important yet mythical individual, greatly cultivated by all the Roosevelt family and spoken of among them as " Gen. Information," contributed greatly to Q—although Quentin boy-fashion was often very logical and, sometimes, stubbornly so. . . .

Of this characteristic, TR, writing to Kermit, said ". . . The other day we were discussing a really dreadful accident which had happened: a Georgetown young man having taken a young girl in a canoe in the river, the canoe upset and the girl was drowned; whereupon the young man, when he got home, took what seemed to us an exceedingly cold-blooded method of a special delivery letter to notify her parents. We were expressing our horror at his sending a special delivery letter, and Quentin solemnly chimed in with 'Yes, he wasted ten cents.' There was a moment's eloquent silence, and then we strove to explain to Quentin that what we were objecting to was not in the least the young man's spendthrift attitude. . . ."[1]

Such misunderstandings, between boy and man,

are hardly ever serious; for a man such as TR, and a boy such as Q, understands the cause for them and learns how to allow for them. There are, however, no such allowances between boy and boy; in that realm, nothing is discounted, and degrees of difference in ideas, quite naturally, brought about many of the internal dissensions in the Gang.

Swollen noses, split lips and black eyes were freely given and taken by Q. But these trophies of battle possessed for him enough of pride-value to compensate for merely injured sensibilities, and so grievances were not long nursed. Physical damage, mutually inflicted and received, healed naturally and disappeared quickly. The really amazing thing was, that there was comparatively little destruction of Government property.

"I. C."—inspected, condemned—is the mark placed upon U. S. equipment, when it has reached its absolute limit of serviceability. Some official property-man of the War Department, having the heart of a boy and a keen appreciation of junior values, had seen fit to present Q with an old I. C. artillery guidon.

Its moth-eaten appearance and mended staff greatly enhanced its value. The gorgeous crimson silk of the pennant was ripped for a battle-flag, and the glittering spear-tip shone with martial glory, whenever we planted it, upright and gently fluttering, in the south garden.

Dividing our forces as evenly as possible, and

at a signal from Q, we would battle fiercely for possession of the standard. Any, and all kinds of fighting, went—punching, kicking, hair-pulling, clothes-ripping, choking, mud-throwing. . . . The side securing the guidon and holding it for three minutes, by Q's dollar watch, also won the right to dictate what should be done for the rest of the afternoon. Quite often, the party in power would elect to fight again for the guidon—and then lose it.

Strategy, too, was permissible, to effect a capture. Statements to the effect that the roof of the State-War-Navy Building was afire; that a man was seen to be falling down from the top of the Washington Monument; that TR was coming out into the garden—or any other, which served to divert the enemy long enough to permit the snatching away of the guidon, to some prepared position where it could be defended for the time-limit, was in order and general. Some signal acts of individual gallantry resulted.

Supreme strategy was achieved when Charlie Taft, with a genius partly explained, possibly, by the fact that his father was Secretary of War, placed the guidon about five feet from the suggestive nozzle of a garden-hose, and sent Slats to turn on the water, while he and one other boy defended the standard.

Q and his command, completely occupied with a direct frontal attack, were most unexpectedly washed

away by Slats, in an enfilading water-action, which was both effective and humiliating.

Gritting his teeth, but falling back in a resilient somersault, Q shouted to his side, "Keep it up! Keep it up! I'm going to sinister this, immejitly!" He vanished out of the *mêlée;* presently, the force of the water slackened, and then the nozzle ran dry. Q had not attacked the problem at the base; he had solved it by cutting the line of communication, severing the squirming hose into sections, with the vicious strokes of a fire-axe, after the manner of St. George's final attack on the Dragon.

There was a deep, bellowing shout, and a rush of feet from another quarter, and TR, his frock-coat fluttering behind him as he ran, charged down upon us.

The battle ceased abruptly, and all troops came to stiff attention except Q, who, transfixed at this sudden turn of events, remained motionless, bent over with the axe in his hands, just as he had severed a length of hose.

TR surveyed him and us. "Too late! Too late, by George!" he said, in a voice broken by his gasps for breath. "Quentin!—I mean Georgie Washington—come here with your i-n-c-r-i-m-i-n-a-t-i-n-g hatchet!"

Q came, dragging the axe behind him, but manfully making no explanation whatever. We grinned, not with especial sympathy for Q, because our part in this phase of the proceedings was, luckily, negligi-

Q came, dragging the axe behind him

ble. That, however, was because none, except Q had thought of the axe.

"In the heat of battle," TR said vigorously, yet with a judicious fairness, "many acts, which would not be c-o-u-n-t-e-n-a-n-c-e-d at other times, may be excusable—or, at least, subject to sym-pa-thet-ic in-ter-pre-ta-tion; of course you understand that, boys?"

"Sure," Q said, quickly brightening. "You mean that's the reason why I did it? I did it, because *something* had to be done, immejit-ly ——"

"That's e-x-a-c-t-l-y it!" TR agreed explosively. "The point is always to do *something* quickly, because if you don't, the other fellow will. You may be wrong—you were here—but you have, at least, i-n-i-t-i-a-t-e-d action. When the action is wrong, you must admit it, and correct it by some further action ——"

Q looked at the entirely dead and well-mutilated body of the hose.

"I don't see how *this* can be corrected," he said thoughtfully.

"Only by an entirely new garden-hose," TR said. "It was Government property, still is, but also, is no longer. You cannot imagine the difficulties involved, and the things required to be done, in order to replace it. It will even cost money, part of that which I am earning—or was earning, when interrupted by a dispatch regarding the progress of this war, and left hurriedly for the field ——"

"Well," Q said, "of course, you're right; but we've learned our lesson, you know ——"

"We?" TR asked. "Don't you mean yourself? And what have you learned?"

"Not to cut up garden-hoses," Q said promptly.

"And not to use fire-axes," TR added, "on anything but a fire ——"

"We're not so likely to have a fire," Q said, with a touch of wistfulness.

"Not with all this water around!" TR said. "You escape, Quentin, only because of the extenuating circumstances arising out of the heat of battle ——"

TR turned upon his heel and walked away from us, towards the Executive Offices, even more impressively, somehow, than he had come.

Charlie plucked the guidon out of the ground. "Here," he said to Q, "it was really my fault; take it. Gee, you deserve it. . . ."

Possession of the guidon now gave Q and his side the decision as to further immediate action. "I guess we're through with this, just now," Quentin suggested, waving the battle-flag abstractedly back and forth. We were, for we were mud dyed from hair to heel and must, we knew, make some attempt at drying and cleaning, before going home.

These needs led us through the long East Corridor, used for Presidential receptions, where the sun streamed through the broad expanse of glass at the entrance, and, finally, into the main part of

the White House downstairs, serving as a formal foyer.

Here were, and still are, a number of cabinets, containing various sets of White House china. Different Administrations affected different designs, all of them prominently displaying the crest of the United States. These objects are, of course, not only beautiful, but quite priceless, as intimate historical exhibits. But to the Gang, the fact that the cabinets were locked gave them a particular charm. This was especially true in the instance of Slats Stead, whose major passion, at that time, was collecting keys.

He had an enormous key-ring made out of a piece of telegraph-wire which he carried, secreted upon his person, always and everywhere. Give Slats a key, and he would whistle for a quarter of an hour. It was a matter of no consequence that he could find no lock to fit it—at the time. For he possessed the sublime faith that, eventually, that key would be brought into contact with its own lock.

"Slats," Q said hopefully, regarding one of the cabinets. "Your keys! May be ——"

Slats tried many keys; being very professional and careful not to try one twice . . . eventually . . . a slim little key opened two of the cabinets.

"That's *perfect!*" Q said, reaching in with muddy fingers, and taking out three cups and sau-

cers. These he piled one on top of another and exchanged for three, from the other cabinet.

The effect amused us vastly, and we proceeded to effect further exchanges. The cabinets looked, now, as though there had not been enough pieces of a kind to make a complete exhibit, and that any old thing had been used to round it out; or, that, possibly, the cups of one Administration had been set upon the saucers of another. We were very fortunate in not causing permanent mischief. Five or six small, careless-handed boys could scarcely have effected that removal job again, and not have broken half the fragile things they touched. Mud, too—added quite without malice aforethought—had been smeared plentifully upon the china, shelves and glass.

The startling condition of these exhibits must have been remarked by White House visitors, foreign and domestic, streaming through the corridor every day at certain hours, for some ten days elapsed ere official rectification was made. Q knew, and instantly reported to the Gang, when the cabinets had been unlocked and their contents put to rights. He had passed nonchalantly before the cabinets every day, and noted them guardedly.

We never made fun of Slats' keys; we understood them as being his own collecting specialty and almost all boys collect something. Q collected milk-tops at that time and so did we all. We possessed examples from most of the Washington dairies,

many from Baltimore, and Dick had even written to cousins in Boston for the cream of the tops there. We laid them in piles upon the rugs of the upper hall, matched them, and, in long disputes, bargained for coveted specimens.

Once, when one of these swappings had become too loud for us to hear his approach, TR came suddenly upon us. "Why," he asked, pointing to the tops, and as though he had been listening alertly, "is this one worth four of that?"

"Because," Q answered, "this dairy has busted —gone out of business—and that one is still making milk. . . . Con-se-quently they have more milk-tops to go on top of the bottles. . . ."

"That's clear enough," TR said, "but why are you taking three of this, for another of the same thing?"

"It *isn't* the same thing," Q explained. "Three milk for one cream ——"

"Why," pursued TR, spreading the tails of his frock-coat and sitting cross-legged upon the rug, "do you want three of any special one, when *one* of each would represent a complete collection?"

"Because," Q replied, "with two extra ones of this kind"—looking for the top from a special dairy—"I can get two of these. At least, I could yesterday, from Johnny Wirt; he said so ——"

"How do you know," asked TR, "whether Johnny Wirt will exchange at the same rate tomorrow ——"

"Because," said Q, "he said he would, and a swap holds good for three days."

"Oh, I see," TR said. "Then this, also, is a matter of honour?"

"Of course it is," Q rejoined stoutly, "else none of these collections would be worth a darn."

TR rose to his feet. "Does it take long to acquire as rep-re-sentative a collection such as I see here?" he asked with genuine seriousness.

"Oh, weeks and weeks of the *hardest* kind of work—really," Q said.

His father grinned. "Bully!" he said, including all of us. "Let me know, without fail, please, if any of you get hold of something really rare ——"

This conversation about the milk-tops is pertinent to all small boys and their parents. My personal feeling about the incident is quite strong, because I was an eager collector, those days, of things I liked, and still am. So are all boys, all men. Our interests and the character of the collections change with the changing years, but, at heart, we still remain collectors. Our progress is from things which seem trivial now but which were important then—smooth bright-coloured stones, leaves, marbles, lizards, frogs, toads, snakes, birds'-eggs, butterflies, nests, pets, postcards, letters, cigar-bands, stamps, autographs—right up to things which troubled us little then, but are all important now—material possessions, money, knowledge, influence, viewpoints, power, experience, honours.

So it is relevant to express the main idea the Gang had when TR considered the milk-top collection with them. That idea is exactly the same to-day. Briefly, it was this: we were assured by TR that our collecting was quite as important as our instinct for it had led us to think it was, and we were set wondering whether this particular collection upon which we were engaged, was the very best possible sort? That was all; and it was enough.

This TR suggested to us, with the utmost subtlety; his strategy was after the manner of an orator who declaims in his full voice until he reaches a climax, when he lowers his tone, and the contrast leads his hearers to lean forward, anxious the more clearly to understand the point he desires to convey. In like manner, TR spoke to us, ordinarily, of truth, fairplay and determination, in ringing, full-vowelled words; when he came to a matter which he took to be a point of particular importance to us, he stressed it, simply and emphatically, by speaking of it confidentially—in almost a whispering tone. Thus it was with our milk-top collecting, and by the extension of his intimate personal interest, he set the seal of his approval upon our undertaking.

Doubtless, either he had explored this matter for himself or with his older sons, and so, instantly divined our position at the moment, or else he exercised his knowledge of the boy-mind, saw its real objective and instantly took the best ways and means to secure it. Only later, years later, did we

come to understand that he had seen an opportunity for us to exercise our choice, and to take a forward step. He had directed us towards that step—the next better collection—knowing that if it were to possess any sort of value, it would have to be taken of our own free will. TR knew a boy cannot be told to go and collect pieces of knowledge, and so become wise; the boy might prefer lizards; but in the quest he might come to learn a great deal about determination, courage, observation and resourcefulness, and so be thereby richly benefited.

For the Gang, there was a peculiar contradiction about TR, even after he ceased to startle us. We realized that he was the President, yet we felt, somehow, that we were also his equal. To Quentin, he was Father; yet Q felt that he was, also, TR's equal. These are fine distinctions; but it is very necessary they should be made; for TR did not meet us with lofty condescension. At the point where we met, we were given to feel that we had risen up to him, and that he had descended only a little way to us. To do that successfully, a man must have a very rapidly sliding scale of values in his mind, arising from an unerring knowledge and a very deep appreciation of boys and men. And despite these boys' words, acts, appearance and roughness, TR knew a very great deal about their souls.

VIII

CONCERNING COLLARS

FOR testing the texture, quality and endurance of any sort of clothing give it to any boy to wear for a few hours. The seat must be strong, unsnagable, preferably of armour-plate; the elbows must be of triple thickness, the knees of some miraculous material which will continually replace itself.

At the end of a regular Gang meeting, a boy might hardly be recognizable, except to his own mother. For having been inspected, at least for cleanliness and a certain conventional completeness of attire, before starting off for the White House, he might fall desperately from grace and return in quite another far less reputable guise. His mother would see that her son's collar—we wore Eton collars then—was fresh. The Gang, with or without intent, would see to it, before the afternoon was over, that the collar was returned, together with the boy, both rather shopworn and soiled.

Especially, were those Eton collars the subject of attack. At school, they were considered effete symbols of undemocratic opulence, and we were unmercifully ragged about them. But, with something akin to caste-pride, we refused to hide them under the

collars of our jackets, as some boys did, but wore them flagrantly, right outside, as they were intended to be worn. Inside the Gang they had still to be defended, for, with joyous battle-cries, three or four of its members would turn upon one, tackle him, get him down and hold him there long enough to permit of an insulting inscription being written or a funny picture drawn, upon the stiff, starched surface of his laundered adornment.

I once carried a two-cent stamp, affixed by Quentin, together with my name and address, scrawled all across the back of my collar, and on the side of it this legend: "If not delivered, return to White House, Wash., D. C." To my intense anguish, I was forced to take a street-car home, in order to avoid being late for supper; as a consequence, I had to endure the stares, smiles, remarks, questions and laughter of a car-load of afternoon shoppers, coming back from F Street, together with a number of business men and Government clerks.

Had I been alone, it would have been a simple matter to have hidden my collar under my coat; but, unluckily, two other members of the Gang were with me, highly delighted at the sensation I was creating. My pride in sticking it out, therefore, was just a trifle greater than my suffering, since they told everybody within earshot that Quentin Roosevelt had personally addressed me home, and that the inscription was in his authentic handwriting.

The commotion caused, however, was nothing

compared to the great collar-riot which occurred, one snowy Saturday afternoon, in Chase's *Polite* Vaudeville, a theatre which stood on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, near the Treasury. We had arrived in state, all properly collared, in a White House carriage. Reader was to call for us at the end of the performance, as we all were wearing our good clothes, and the sidewalks were rivers of slush.

The weather had been damp and chill and the theatre was thoroughly warmed. As we entered and were ushered to a box, provided, as Q informed us, "at great expense by my mother," the heat of the place was similar to that of a Turkish bath.

To our surprise and Q's evident annoyance, someone in an orchestra seat recognized him; there was an instant craning of necks, a murmur, and, finally, a ripple of applause, as we seated ourselves endeavouring not to notice the demonstration. . . . The vaudeville progressed politely, and as our excitement rose with the thwacks of a slap-stick comedy we began to drip with perspiration.

"Take off your coats!" Q said, being host, and we removed them.

Presently, our enthusiasm being enhanced by a juggling act and a precarious chair-balancing-tower, our collars began to wilt.

"Take 'em off!" said Q, commencing to remove his own. So we removed our collars.

The jugglers took their bows, the asbestos cur-

tain was rung down and the lights went up, for the intermission. The sudden illumination discovered to the audience, five Eton collars, perched in a row upon the wide velvet edge of the box. Their owners had vanished. There was much laughter, and tremendous applause from the audience.

Suddenly realizing its coatless and collarless state, the Gang had dropped, as one boy, to the floor of the box. Which action, of course, was born of a quite accurate understanding of the proprieties of the occasion.

"By buzzard!" Q said, still on his hands and knees, and reaching up for his collar, from behind the solid edge of the box. "That wasn't *polite* at all! They just shouldn't have noticed it!"

One by one, the collars disappeared from the view of the audience, which loudly applauded each fresh disappearance, as the Gang crawled across the floor of the box in single file and out through the curtains hung behind it. There we waited, more or less stunned by the furore of the ovation, yet secretly pleased by it, although not showing this to one another. We stood behind the curtain until the intermission was over, and the lights were turned low, before venturing back to our seats, to be met by a round of applause, more prolonged than before. This was the end of *our* act, and the actors upon the stage had to wait until the audience was through with us, before they could resume.

"Sit still," Q advised, speaking out of the side of

his mouth, and looking straight ahead of him, into the sea of faces. "If we get up and bow, as everybody expects us to, we'll be blamed for the whole thing!"

As the show continued, there were a number of impromptu lines directed towards us and the collars, to the huge delight of the audience. We were rather fed up with that sort of thing, long before the end was reached. When it was, we rushed out to the White House carriage and the protection of Reader, gladly enough. Reader, seeing that something had gone wrong, wheeled his horses away from the theatre entrance and the outpouring laughing audience upon the sidewalk, in an abrupt but beautiful arc.

There was another occasion, on which the Eton collars proved embarrassing, this time, however, not in public. We had taken them off, in the comparative seclusion of the great upper hall, and were busily engaged writing a new password in the neckbands, for permanent record, combined with great secrecy. Nobody in the Gang knew, exactly, what this word meant. It was obscure but euphonious and Q, its discoverer, told us he had "got it out of a solemn fat history, from the Congressional Library." He added, "Father reads every single book they get—right off." (Utterly impossible, even for TR!)

This secret word which the Gang was industriously engaged in spelling out, immediately became

common property, for an usher managed to sneak up behind us, and look over our shoulders. We could not forgive his rude guffaw, and, in high dudgeon, immediately changed it. Yet the word made the rounds of the White House Staff, and often used by them—to our humiliation—in future conversation with us.

Some retaliatory measures, although not directed against the offending usher, but, boylike, against any available member of society, made Gifford Pinchot, then Chief of the Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture, and, later, Governor of Pennsylvania, the unsuspecting victim.

Mr. Pinchot—privately called "Pin-shot" simply because we knew it to be the wrong way to pronounce his name—had appeared in our midst in company with TR and James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, called "Jimmy," instantly, because we took to him on the spot. The grown-ups had come up to the attic (a room associated, in my mind, with the punishment I had undergone for turning off the lights on TR), and, flinging off their dinner-coats, joined us in a scrimmage with a medicine-ball.

The attic was warmish and all the men—they were in formal evening dress—took off their collars and ties, as we had done in Chase's, and placed them, with their dress-coats, upon a convenient chest. There they stood, in white shirt-fronts and black vests, tremendous targets for the medicine-

ball, which rolled, eventually, out of sight, into a dark corner.

While the ball was being sought for and recovered, Q, who had been struck by the difference in the size of Mr. Pinchot's neck, as compared with his father's, seized upon the smaller collar, and under pretense of helping to search for the ball, stuffed it down a special hole, we all knew about, under the eaves. After which, he innocently rejoined the players.

As dinner-time approached, TR ordered a halt, and the three men turned to the chest and, of course, Mr. Pinchot found his collar missing. There was an exhaustive search, led most earnestly by Q.

"'Something is rotten in the state of Denmark!'" TR said, finally, "and I smell it most pungently, when I am near Quen-tin Roos-e-velt!"

The men had had much too good a time to be much annoyed by the loss of the collar, least of all Mr. Pinchot—although left with his Adam's apple completely exposed.

"Mr. President," he said, with an unsmiling pretense at formality, "I do not know if there is any precedent for a guest who has received an invitation to dine at the White House, suddenly tendering his regrets, on account of his not having a collar to his name?"

"Not at all, M-i-s-t-e-r *Pin*-shot," TR responded in the same vein, "because your pre-dicament is due, probably, to the mischievous and ungentlemanly be-

haviour of my youngest son. Therefore, you would be welcome, even without a shirt!"

Mr. Pinchot bowed.

Q, his fair skin suddenly flushing, saw the enormity of his offense. TR regarded him sternly, but disregarded the opportunity for a reprimand—perhaps, making it more pointed by refraining—and taking the elbows of his chief forester and cabinet-member, walked them from the attic with great dignity. We could, however, hear their suppressed laughter, as they went down the stairs.

"Whew!" Q said. "That was a close one! I think it was a dirty trick, for me to do that, don't you? And that collar's so far down in the wall, it'll never be fished out. . . ."

Whether Mr. Pinchot was able to borrow a collar of proper size from one of the ushers, or whether—as Quentin heard—he went to dinner with a handkerchief about his neck, I do not know. I remember, however, that Mr. Pinchot's friendliness for the Gang was in no way affected, except that the humorous twinkle in his eye was possibly more pronounced, when we met again.

It may be that I have given a false impression of the Gang's familiarity with grown people—especially with TR. The Gang met him many times, over a considerable period of time; yet, at each meeting, he made some practical, unforgettable contribution—something by which he could be remembered. Some men manage, by an effort, to make

a favourable impression upon boys; others—TR was A No. 1 among these—cannot possibly help succeeding. It is not too much to say, that had TR been stripped of all the glamour of a hero—made for example a simple clerk among many hundreds in any of the Government departments in Washington—his relation to us, would have been just as important as it was. Similarly, with Mrs. Roosevelt. Of her, the story is told, that one of her sons, with the casual clarity of truth, once remarked, "When Mother was a little girl, she must have been a boy."

The influence of his splendid parents, strong as it was, could not always control Q, when out of their sight, but TR and Mrs. Roosevelt both knew that the independence of Q and of other members of the Gang, was as precious as their own, all boys being created free and equal. Q knew it too, and showed it in this expression, doubtless picked out of a remark of TR's—"We *all* pay taxes." Young as he was, it was his constant effort to keep fair in this respect; yet this very resolve brought about one of the Gang's early disagreements.

On a certain afternoon—from the outside looking in—members of the Gang might have been seen streaming across the garden behind the iron picket-fence, like a pack of puppies in full cry, falling down, rolling over in the grass, kicking up their heels to the sun, getting up, disappearing with an idea, like a dog with a bone, behind shrubbery, re-

appearing, ten minutes later, silhouetted against the long "good running roof" of the corridor, extending towards the Treasury.

After all this tremendous exertion, Q suggested abruptly, "How about bicycle racing in the hall?"

There was a dead-wind silence for a moment; then someone said, with disgust and finality, "Oh gee! I'm sick of that!"

"Well, whatever *you* say, we'll do," Q assented.

"Why should *I* say?" asked the other, irritated, because he had no immediate idea.

"Well, why not?" countered Q, flushing rosy red.

"Because I don't want to. Isn't that enough?" the other boy snapped. "Just because this is your place, you needn't think ——"

"Aw, shut up!" Q returned indignantly. "Let's do what *you* want to do. That's fair, isn't it?"

"No," the boy said, "it isn't. Because that's what *you* want to do, *now*. . . ."

Q remained silent; the logic of the statement seemed quite unanswerable. The Gang regarded the two disputants with heightened interest, and extreme seriousness. What the argument was, originally, made no difference, now; it had developed into a question of each boy standing up for what he considered his rights.

Q looked at his friend with blazing eyes, and then ran his hand, uncertainly, through his own tousled hair. The friend glared back, defiant, fan-

ning his anger. Neither wanted to strike the first blow. The rest of the Gang, however, took action; they shoved the two disputants roughly together and each, instinctively, struck out at the other.

Two furious, snarling wildcats they were now, rolling in a struggling ball of arms and legs about the hard roof, panting, pulling, biffing, wrestling. Filled with delight the rest of the Gang stood aside like gentlemen. It was a fine set-to, neither boy gaining anything, as far as we could see, except bruised knuckles, ripped collars, draggled clothes and streaked faces. It was a long tough fight, ending, finally, in mutual exhaustion, both boys making weak, ineffectual passes or landing blows that no longer hurt. Eventually separating, they regarded each other with solemn, unblinking pleasure, and respecting each other vastly. Each had maintained his right and dignity; each had demonstrated he was no weakling. Quentin, like the other boy, had entirely forgotten the subject of dispute, which was, that, as host, Q had insisted that the other do whatever he wanted; they were firmer friends than before, and had knocked all prejudice and nonsense out of each other.

"My gollies!" Q said. "I bet," he went on, indicating the whole Gang with a sweep of his arm, "one of us could take on two of anybody else!"

We nodded in agreement. Through disagreement, we were really becoming knit together.

"How do you feel?" Q's late opponent asked him, as he rubbed the back of his own head, where it had smacked the roof.

"Refreshed!" Q replied, and immediately went on to quote:

> "There was an Old Person of Ewell,
> Who chiefly sub-sis-ted on gruel;
> But to make it more nice,
> He i-n-s-e-r-t-e-d some mice,
> Which *refreshed* that Old Person of Ewell."[2]

In the pause that followed, Q had another of his quaint ideas. "To make this thing stay this way," he said, "we must all kiss the 'buzzard-stone,' on the floor, in the front hall ——"

So the Gang proceeded, by the shortest possible route, devising ceremonial as it went—which turned out to be that which is followed when the Blarney Stone is kissed. Quentin had heard all about it from "Gen. Information." The Gang held each of its members by his legs suspended, head downwards, over the brass Seal of the United States. The blood ran to the boy's head and, sometimes, things fell out of his pockets, onto the marble floor. Each of us, finally, succeeded in kissing the eagle directly upon his brass beak—nowhere else would do—an initiation which was attended, without invitation, by several of the ushers, which detracted somewhat from the solemnity and pertinence of the occasion. . . .

IX

THE VIRTUE OF A NAME

THE deep, serious authorities tell us, in almost incomprehensibly technical terms, that when a boy begins to settle degrees of personal companionship, he is making his first grading of the elements of importance in his world. Certainly, he is then first most closely semi-conscious of somehow being related to everybody and everything else. Many of the mysteries of the living world open to him. Sometimes, however, his gestures to this same world seem, to say the least of it, to be *darn* peculiar.

When Q stood upon his head, or reclined in a chair with his feet comfortably resting where his head should normally be; when he hung suspended by the middle over the branch of a magnolia tree, and surveyed the gardens and the Government buildings, upside-down, it was to secure a more interesting experimental point of view, as well as to serve as a preparatory limbering-up exercise.

TR still limbered up, to the extreme satisfaction of all concerned. Quite often his exercise took the form of thirty minutes of Gang-chasing, in the attic. He drew the line, however, where the chests and

trunks, stored up under the roof, provided the hazards of mountain-climbing with dizzy heights, unsteady peaks, slippery and uncertain footings. Kenneth Channon, who took especial delight in these adventures, would hurl himself across the spaces with utter abandon, and call his intrepidity "chasm-jumping"—the word chasm being pronounced with ch, as in "chair," of which there were many examples covered with slips.

These slip-covers provided fine places of concealment, from which an arm could suddenly dart out to trip up a careless Gangster, or pinch his ankles, if he sat down. Unless all members could be accounted for, all covered chairs were suspect.

Even TR came to suspect them, and from experience. Once when he had paused to rest after some strenuous and enthusiastic racing through the attic, he sat down upon one of these relics of bygone White House grandeur. The surprising thing to the President was, that the chair utterly collapsed with him with shrieks of high anguish. There had been no chair in the slip-cover, at all, but simply, two members of the Gang! Edward Stead had stood upright holding the back of the cloth with his hands, in the upper right and left corners; Dick Chew had sat on the floor, with his head between Slim's knees; Dick had both feet, outstretched, to hold the lower front corners, his arms and hands supporting what looked to TR to be the outline of a comfortable chair. The President had not noticed,

"By George!" T.R. said, "that shows how unstable are the seats of—the mighty!"

however, that the chair had been trembling with expectancy, nor that its contours appeared wobbly and unusual.

Slim and Dick howled, under the weight of the President as he sat down and threw himself back in complete relaxation.

"By George!" TR said, the instant he struck the floor. "That shows how unstable are the seats of those who consider themselves the mighty!"

He scrambled to his feet, clutched at the squirming slip-cover, shouting to the rest of the Gang, "A chest! A chest! Open a chest! When these ghostly covers begin to move about, by themselves, it is time to imprison them in chests—for which these we have here have evidently been provided!"

So the cover, with the two boys inside it, was unceremoniously bundled into a chest; the lid was opened again, however, before the Presidential time-limit of sixty seconds had elapsed.

After one of these encounters with his father Q remarked, "When he's around he's so big, that other things don't seem so tre-men-jous!" This was an indubitable fact, one, moreover, which many others, quite outside the Gang discovered. With TR around, things did *not* appear, quite so large.

The scale of the White House dimensions—corridor-distances, portico-column heights, and circumferences, balustrade-widths, drops-to-the-ground, tools and garden equipment—was phenomenally out

of proportion to our strength, reach, height. This, of course, was providential for all concerned.

Kermit's part-solution for this "largeness," was stilts. His favourite stilt-walk was the upper hall and although he had a gang of his own, which he mounted, and jousted from one end of it to the other, the difference between their age and that of *the* Gang, removed all possibility of hostility between rival factions. "Kermit, the Hermit," Q called him, adding, "Of course, he isn't at all, really; only the name is so ap-pree-poe." Though we came upon these stilts, once or twice, we hardly ever used them, because they were not original with us, and were, into the bargain, too hampering for Q's mercurial movements.

These—as may have been gathered—were, usually, of a rushing character, like the short, violent skirmishes, in open warfare, which sweep all before them in a given area, although not always directed towards any defined objective. Among these apparently purposeless sallies was one which carried us, several times, a long distance on our bicycles. Starting from the Force School, we raced eastward down Massachusetts Avenue, passed Thomas Circle, went on to, and around the Carnegie Library to New Jersey Avenue, where we turned right near the red-brick pile of the Government Printing Office.

So, through a less flourishing part of Washington, where we were unknown, met with no courtesy,

and occasionally, heard some amazing language, we continued to the northerly edge of the Capitol grounds, turned left, and, standing upon our pedals, pumped up the remainder of Capitol Hill. Here, in the great plaza, at the north front of the Capitol—where sat the toga-clad statue of Washington, since removed—Q once indulged in the exhilarating sport of riding in erratic circles about numerous important-looking gentlemen, hurrying from the Capitol. From their string-ties, general careful-careless dishevelment, Lincolnian trousers and heavy, thoughtful, actors' faces, Q took them to be Congressmen. He would ride close enough, just not to hit them, interrupting their measured strides and, with a quick turn of the handlebars, fanning their dignity. The possible complications of entangling a live Congressman in the spokes of his bicycle, gave the movement an enormous zest.

Finally, we arrived, quite winded, at the grand staircase of the Library of Congress. Locking our bicycles at the rack, we assumed the air of Senate pages—feeling, perhaps, that, at this end of Pennsylvania Avenue, Congress thought it governed the country, and not the White House—and subduing ourselves with conscious effort, entered the bronze doors, and came into the great hall.

"Yessir," Q said, "this building cost us six *billion* dollars,"—he meant millions—adding, in order to give the information tangibility, "and fifty-five cents. . . ."

We then tramped through many corridors—always a little bewildered by the amazing profusion of painting, sculpture, mosaic, marble, bronze, gilding, carving and other lavish decoration—until we came to a room of the Division of Prints, where the models of the city of Washington were on exhibition. These were made by George Carroll Curtis, geographical sculptor of Boston, for that famous Burnham Park Commission of 1901, of which McKim, Saint Gaudens and Olmstead were members. These men, wisely following the original plans made by Major L'Enfant, under the personal direction of Washington and Jefferson, contributed the great plan which is being adhered to, to-day, and which when happily accomplished, will make Washington a capital city, worthy of the nation.

Q was fascinated by these exquisite models, exhibited in glass cases on long, wide tables, showing the city as it was and as it was hoped it might be, when developed. Every building of prominence was shown,—accurately done to scale with architectural detail—every street, every plot . . . even the realistic masses of trees, bordering the streets and in the parks.

"Look down on the White House, as if you were a god!" Q said many times, and in many different ways. "How small it looks! Yet we all know how big it really is. You could drop a pebble on it and crush it, together with the p-i-g-m-y President and the State-War-Navy Department, too, by mis-

take!" Presently he corrected himself, "I mean, really, that the great big tre-men-jous God could."

We were all interested in the models, but not with the fixity of enthusiasm which possessed Q. "Some day, of course," he said with finality, "when all this is done,"—pointing to the model of the projected city—"it'll be just nothing, looking down on it; it'll only cost you a month's allowance to hire somebody to fly you all about over town! It would be worth six months', now, wouldn't it?"

Then he crossed over to another corner of the model-case, to get a view from there. He was especially delighted, this drab afternoon, when the lights were switched on in the room, and the models of the buildings cast lifelike shadows. "It's ab-so-lute-ly real now!" he said in a sudden loud voice, startling several sightseers in the room. "By golly! It takes my breath away!"

Two men and a woman, who had been looking about idly, and were, obviously, rather bored with the prints, came over to the model-cases, and immediately became absorbed in them, forgetting, entirely, the small boy who had directed their attention to them.

Time and again, afterwards, I have thought of these enchanting models—realizing that it was a rare privilege given me, to see the genesis of Quentin's interest in the air. It was a strangely advanced idea, then, not for Q though, because his was the unusual, original creative mind, which accepts,

only under protest, the scheme of things-as-they-are.

So, presently, the years having swiftly flown, Q is seated in the cockpit of one of those fast fighting-ships of the air, sensitively alive to his every touch on the controls, looking down on the fair fields of France. There, for him, was the counterpane of greens and browns of the fields, the silver of the streams, the slim, grey ribbons of the roads, the diminutive road-menders' huts, the huddled, clustering houses of the communes, casting their sharp shadows, and making it "ab-so-lute-ly real. . . ."

In far finer fashion than he had imagined, in the years that went before, Q was able, in his beloved "Dock Yack" plane, with its slim body tapering back from his shoulders as though it was a part of him, to climb up in a swift *chandelle,* widening his horizon, and to come down with the swoop of an eagle unafraid ("By buzzard!"), banking perpendicularly into a *glissade,* with the wind screaming crossways through his struts. . . .

All this, as yet, was far, far away from the Washington models in the print-room, but, even then, Q could make the best of what was at hand. And, here, he found a certain reverse amusement, in being utterly disregarded by the strangers he had attracted to the models. There was a pronounced piquancy for us, too, in finding that Q was unknown, the opposite usually being the case. He, well aware of the possibilities for fun in an incognito, joined

himself to the group about the table. "What's that place, there?" he asked, pointing to the little, toy-like White House.

One of the party turned to Quentin. "You live in Washington?" he asked sharply.

"Yessir," Q admitted. "I was born here ——"

"There it is, all over again!" said the man, scornfully. "You don't even know that that's the White House!"

"Nosir," Q said, with his tongue in his cheek, and the index and second finger of both hands crossed. "Is it a museum?"

The Gang, clutching the edges of the show-case, with an extreme effort at self-control, their features expressing the agonizing pain of repressing a joyous shout, managed, somehow, to maintain silence.

"No," Q's informant explained, "it's not a museum; it's where the President lives. Teddy, you know ——"

"President Teddy, I *do* know!" Q cried, and realizing that he would not be able to contain his laughter much longer, ran out into the corridor, where it exploded, rudely shattering the austere silence of the library. . . . None of the sight-seers ever understood.

Q's incognito was ever a delight both to him and to us and we preserved it, even to the point of having our investigations interrupted by a Marine sentry and being shooed away from intriguing places while on a visit to the Naval Academy, at An-

napolis. We were under the guardianship of my uncles, of Washington, both then in the banking business.

This was at a moment when Q, temporarily, was doubting everybody and everything, exhibited best, perhaps, by the series of experiments he carried on intermittently, all day, with his dollar watch. The last test to which he subjected it, was the severe one of throwing it repeatedly into a sandbank and as often digging it out, to find that it still continued to run.

In that mood Q must have had some vagueness even as to the leaders of the expedition; until then, he had not really known either of them; Q's doubts were soon shown to be resolved, however, when he said abruptly and most decisively, "There are good bankers and bad bankers, and both of you are evidently *good* bankers. Do you suppose I might call you Uncle Ed and Uncle Reggie?"

When granted permission by both men, he wriggled with pleasure, something after the manner of a puppy, shown great favour. Then, in explanation of his previous statement, he added: "Some bankers—present company excepted, you know—have rich, evil faces and I'd like to bust 'em!" Doubtless this was an echo, reverberating in his ears, of something he had heard about "trust-busting."

Evidently the character of the good bankers was passed on, with Q's complete comment, to his father;

for, a long while later, when the younger of the two uncles attended a Presidental reception, and his name was announced by the Aide, TR said in a voice, which resounded with pleasure from the Blue Room, through the Green and even into the East Room, "Hah! This is Uncle Reggie!"

To us, the occasional receptions were sheer annoyances; they hampered our freedom of movement. On the fringes of one, we had overheard some unfavourable comments upon our personal appearance, and thereafter, we never, intentionally, went near them, nor any of the ordinary visiting pilgrimages, either. When any such wandered near us and stared, we stiffened into unnatural formality and sought business elsewhere. Of course, being stared at, under certain conditions was amusing; but to Q, in his own home and garden, certainly not.

There were, however, unavoidable meetings. Once, when we were practicing ball, and I was pitching very badly, Q unexpectedly hit a high pop fly, clear over the iron picket-fence of the south garden. Charlie Taft ran to the fence just in time to see a stranger pick up the ball from the roadway, and continue on in the direction of Fifteenth Street.

"Hey!" Charlie yelled. "Thanks for the ball!" He held up his mit, naturally expecting the ball to be returned.

"Who hit that ball over?" the stranger asked, walking towards the fence.

"Why, Quentin did ——" Charlie said.

"Quentin Roosevelt?" the man asked curiously.

"Sure I did," Q interrupted. "What's the matter with my doing it?"

"Nothing at all," the man replied, scrutinizing the ball in his hand.

"Thanks for the ball," Q said persuasively.

"What will you give me for it?" the fellow temporized.

Q's face flushed; he was surprised into speechlessness; finally he burst out: "What will I give you? Nothing! Ab-so-lute-ly nothing! Why should I? It's not your ball. We just couldn't get it, right away, because of the fence. But I'd rather lose it, entirely, than give *you* anything, for what's *ours*. And if you take it, you're stealing. . . ."

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" said the stranger, laughing. "I'm not going to take it. But it's a valuable ball—to both of us. Now, I'll strike a bargain with you: if I throw it back to you, will you permit me to return with a dozen of the best new balls I can buy—the kind they use in the big leagues—and exchange this ball for the twelve new ones?"

"That would be making us a present," said Q shortly, "and I don't know you. Apparently we get all the ben-e-fit. So there's a catch in it somewhere, but I'll bite. What else do you want?"

"I want you to write your name on the old ball," answered the man.

"I think you are a *knave*," remarked the well-

worded Q, with utter frankness, "but I'd be a fool, not to accept the bargain. . . ."

The stranger tossed the ball back to us and hurried away. In the course of fifteen minutes, or so, he returned, and handed a box containing a dozen balls across the fence. Q completed this profitable transaction by laboriously writing "Quentin Roosevelt" on the cover of the old ball, with a fountain pen. This sudden acquisition of a dozen balls was more than acceptable, seeing that the organization of a real ball team was under way. The club had been insisted on by Walker White, Brom and Taffy—all of whom were beginning to exhibit playing talent. Q was enthusiastic, although no player. Dick and I were lukewarm, both being notorious fumblers.

Chew took over the duties of management, which left me as water-carrier. On week days I became a small edition of Gunga Din, as far as about Kipling's fortieth line. On Saturdays, when we played regular games, I never managed to have charge of the lemonade buckets as completely as I desired.

Nevertheless the Gang wanted a team that would stand up well in its own class . . . so we went after players at school with reputations. Scouting was made easy by our letting it be known that we intended using the White House garden as a playing field. The newspaper records show we "signed up" the following boys, whose last names, only, were given, in true baseball style: Campbell

(pitcher), Lockwood (catcher), Talbot (first base), and Mock (third base). The other positions were Gang-filled.

As captain of the team, Walker White asked Q to arrange with his mother to place the diamond in the south garden; but no one, for obvious reasons, invited Q to join the team. Not unreasonably miffed, Q disappeared, ostensibly to get permission from Mrs. Roosevelt, but returned almost too promptly for any interview with her to have been held and said:

"It will be all right with Mother, I'm sure." He paused to allow the good news to properly percolate. Then, with the greatest care he added: "I'm *sure* she'd like me to be on the team . . . in center or right field." The team bowed to the inevitable.

So under the name of "The Madrids," Gang members and outside talent played "The Plateaus" and others and challenged all comers. None of the games were particularly brilliant, although Walker was soon to become a crack pitcher, and we received newspaper publicity.

Q took a sudden and quite understandable liking for newspapermen because an inexcusable error, at a critical moment, in a crucial game, had been chivalrously ignored by the correspondents. Q, playing right field, had become completely absorbed in licking the greasy leather-softener off his glove, when a grounder went sizzling through to right

field, finally rolling slowly past the unconscious Q. The yells, taunts and agonized injunctions of "The Madrids" finally aroused Q to the realization that the ball was somewhere in his part of the pasture but not soon enough to prevent the slow grounder from presenting the lucky batter with three bags.

The newspaper story said, "Quentin Roosevelt held down the position in right field, and his playing was one of the features of the contest." Charlie who played second base, Brom in left field, and Walker at shortstop, only received positional mention . . . and all of them were utterly frank in explaining to Q just what were the true facts, with regard to his playing.

"A feature of the contest?" Q said, at last; "one of the worst of 'em, I fear. But I think it was really sporting in the newspaper man to put it *that* way. Don't you?"

But to return to the incident of the exchanged baseballs: Three days later, acting on the amazing report of an usher, we hurried to the store of a noted sporting goods dealer, and found the ball the centerpiece of a window-display which was attracting the wistful attention of a number of boys and grown men even. The legend, "BALL USED BY QUENTIN ROOSEVELT" was scrolled right across the width of the window.

The commercial possibilities of this transaction occurred to us immediately; but Q held that it would

be very poor business for him to rush into the store, and offer to write his name on various other articles of merchandise. "That would cheapen it," he said. On the other hand, if we were to wait until offers were made to us, then the procedure would be entirely justifiable, and we should be in a position to keep the price well up, possibly to something better than a dozen to one. We waited and waited, and although nobody came to us with business propositions, we lived in hope, and saw ourselves clothed in purple and fine linen, equipped with the things our hearts desired, and all for nothing more difficult of manipulation, than Q's scrawly signature.

Of course, to us, Quentin became immensely important. That is to say, we became anxious that he should be careful of his signing-hand, there being every likelihood of its becoming extremely useful at almost any minute. Summoned by ushers for various reasons, we experienced some sharp disappointments, seeing that we imagined each call might be that of a deputation of sporting goods dealers, waiting upon Q for the bestowal of his sign-manual.

Finally, Q rebelled. "I just have a *feeling*," he said, "that my father wouldn't like it so much, after all. You must remember, that he it was, who made the name important; and he's really the boss of it." Without any really tenable question, he was the head of the house—the chieftain of the clan.

X

OWNING THE EARTH

AT various times, Q and the rest of us had various ways of apprehending what we deemed to be our rights. Theories of ownership are not at all set in boys' minds—and we followed each, with considerable fluctuation. At first, the rights of a thing were held to belong to that member of the Gang who made a discovery; and, four times out of six, that was Q. Later untroubled possession went to him whose effort had contributed most to whatever was under way, and that, oftener than not, was Charlie Taft. Finally, these wise and progressive laws were abandoned, and that because of violent dissension, whereupon we reverted to anarchical award, the prize going to the one who was quickest and loudest in making his claim. The eventual conclusion took the form of a sort of communistic ownership.

Following the usage of all history, this speedily and inevitably involved ownership of everything. And here, for a time, we were unopposed. The White House Staff was glad to have children about, even to the extent of practising what is known as "looking the other way." Under these conditions,

it was only natural that we should have come to think a good deal of ourselves, and to proceed, by actual trial, to discover just how far we could go, before being challenged. Q, who needed to be picked on by his older brothers at breakfast, in sheer self-defense, and in order to subdue his exuberance into the promise of manageability for the prosaic duties of the day, even went so far as to suggest—seeing that everything in sight was ours—that we ought to use the Washington Monument for a sun-dial, to tell the time by. This suggestion was conceived, undeniably, upon a grand and magnificent scale; it was worthy of a *Grand Monarque—à la Louis Quatorze.*

One Saturday, therefore, just before noon, we leaped upon our bicycles and spurted down Fifteenth Street to the Monument grounds. By some devious route, we came to the lonely old Bullfinch gate-houses, together with their great square stone gate-posts, upon which we gazed with affection. We were animated by the usual boyish sympathy for neglected inanimate objects, and as we had heard their story, we felt that they should never have been removed from the Capitol enclosure.

Catching our breath again, we rode up the steep, winding approach, right to the base of the Monument. There we dropped our bicycles in a heap, and Q looked at his watch. "If the hands aren't stuck," he said, "it is just exactly twelve o'clock, noon."

"Gosh! It's high from here!" Slats said, resting his ear against the marble of the Monument, and looking straight up, some five hundred and fifty-five feet, to the towering top in the clouds.

"It'll throw a long shadow . . . it's the biggest sun-dial in the world," Charlie reasoned.

"Let's find the end of the shadow and *mark* the place for twelve o'clock," Q suggested.

"That's easy," I agreed. "We'll just walk around the sidewalk here; the shadow's on the other side. Then we'll ride down it, on our bikes, until we come to the sharp point of it, on the grass down the hill."

Accepting the suggestion, the Gang walked around, and continued to walk, until we came to the place from whence we started, and were amazed to find no shadow whatever. . . .

"Blooey! Blooey!" said Q, suddenly, placing his forefinger, as if it were a pistol, to his forehead, and wriggling his second finger, as if it were on the trigger. "Bam! Bowie! I could do that to myself, and not hurt a thing! Ab-so-lute-ly no brains at all! My watch must be right; it's noon! Of course we can't find the shadow! It's all crumpled up on top of itself; so it *isn't*. . . ."

"That couldn't be, except at the Equator," Dick Chew declared, basing his contention on some smattering of astronomical knowledge.

Q looked at him with a blank expression of bewilderment. Then he said, "Let's come down here

some other time when the sun's out." He laughed. "There isn't a shadow in town!"

None of us had noticed that it was a cloudy day; we were at an age which seldom halts to consider the tremendous part which conditions play, in determining the character of results.

Perhaps, as part of our ownership of the world, the Washington Monument *was* ours; but, needless to say, we could do nothing with it. But the State-War-Navy Building, although immensely bigger and in no way beautiful, lay closer at hand, and seemed to belong to us more intimately. Q had made many friends there, from the three Secretaries down. He was given to making sudden, unannounced calls upon them and, as he was always received with full official honours, enjoyed it hugely, and gave his father, as he told us, "accurate accounts." Long years before the phrase was invented, Q was a sort of good-will ambassador, between these department-heads and the Chief Executive.

That Quentin's comments were not always taken seriously, by either side, detracted not one whit from the importance of his function. There are negro doormen in the State-War-Navy Building, who have grown grey sitting in their old-fashioned, cane-backed, swivel chairs, or plodding, flat-footedly, about the corridors, who remember Master Quentin with the greatest affection. All doors were thrown open to him, and at all times; no bureau-chief was ever too busy to see him. Even if the officials were

" in conference," Q, nevertheless, became a part of it.

Some of the information he picked up, as to how fast and far guns would shoot, is not to be found in any of the standard works on ordnance. There was one particular gun he described as " disappearing—then, just as it completely vanishes, it is fired with a minimum of smoke. . . ."

So the marble-tiled corridors were ours, and into them, one day, a follow-your-leader tramp took us. On the way, Q had stepped, with one leg, into the south fountain, and all of us had to follow; as a consequence we had picked up considerable mud from the garden, en route. Crossing the street, we rushed up the easterly steps of the building, climbed over the anchors, set at each side of the entrance, and, in single-file, passed a doorman who knew, and favourably regarded us.

Looking back after we passed, however, we noticed that he appeared to be rather annoyed. And he had ample reason. Our shoes were still slushing fountain-water, and we were leaving muddy drip-marks on the floor.

Marching up the long corridor, we noticed a negro messenger going ahead of us, poking his head through the swinging doors of offices at intervals, coming out again, and shuffling along to repeat the performance. Occasionally, he looked back at us and showed his white teeth, at which we—taking it to be an expression of good-will—grinned back.

But we speedily came to know that he was doing something quite maliciously different. He had been going ahead of us, to apprize everyone of our approach, so that, as we passed office-doors, officials and clerks came out into the corridor to see the procession. They stared and laughed, which was not polite, nor at all friendly. We resented their making fun of us, and the farther we went, the more indignant we grew.

Following Q, faster and faster, and with shoes scrunching, we came, finally, to the Pennsylvania Avenue entrance. Here, as ill-fortune would have it, we met a group of visitors, accompanied by a guide.

"That's the President's son, Quentin Roosevelt —the boy in front," said the guide, in a clearly audible voice. "You can see for yourselves—from the boys he picks up to play with—how democratic he is. . . ."

Q halted—as did we—his face flushed with the struggle he was having to keep silent, being, like the rest of us, filled with anger. He found it impossible to speak, chiefly, no doubt, because so many words were striving to tumble out, one over the other. So he remained explosively silent, and ended by breaking into a run, with the Gang following closely behind him. We dashed out of the Avenue entrance, like furies, leaping down five steps at a time, and scuttling, breathless and provoked, into the seclusion of the White House gardens.

Never had we received such treatment—we, who owned the earth!

Something, we unanimously decided, must be done about this insult. Mrs. Roosevelt having gone away, for a day or two, the fact suggested immediate retaliatory measures to Q, with a directness amounting to genius. Under his direction, we made a quick raid on such bureaus and dressing tables as were needed to supply a hand-mirror for each of us. Returning to the side of the gardens, we took up strategic positions under trees where the sunlight filtered through the leaves, and played our shafts of light from the mirrors into the office windows of the State-War-Navy Building, all along the offending corridor.

Faces began to appear at the windows we were covering, while clerks emerged, seeking to ascertain the cause of the dancing spots of light which played about on the walls of their offices, on their desks, in their faces, in their eyes. Some of the window shades were pulled down, but we kept on with the mirrors, Q systematically assigning certain light batteries to rake particular groups of windows.

But of course, it was not to be expected—the results being so satisfactorily effective—that we would confine ourselves to keep these targets; and soon we were annoying the entire easterly side of the building. . . .

Presently, a military aide, gorgeous in blue, marched briskly across the garden, and we put our

mirrors away. Addressing us, he came to his point in a curiously diplomatic and roundabout manner, exhibiting the greatest friendliness and a genial smile that mitigated much of what followed.

"I've just heard," he said, "that they're going to signal something from the top of the War Building. . . ."

Q, and the rest of us, thrilled. Then, in a sudden burst of confidence, Quentin told the Aide the story of the mirrors, the clerks' and the guide's rudeness to us. The Aide evinced no surprise, contenting himself with commenting loyally, "Of course, it couldn't, possibly, have been anyone connected with the War Department. . . . But look!"

A figure was silhouetted against the sky,—just where the wooden ball was dropped, down along the flagpole, by which downtown Washington set their watches, every noontide. The figure began to wig-wag, a coloured signal-flag fluttering at the end of each arm.

"I'll spell the message out for you," the Aide said helpfully.

Slowly, carefully, as if in full appreciation of the importance of the message it came, "Y-O-U U-N-D-E-R T-R-E-E-S," pause, "A-L-L O-F Y-O-U," pause. Then rapidly, "A-T-T-A-C-K O-N T-H-I-S B-U-I-L-D-I-N-G M-U-S-T I-M-M-E-D-I-A-T-E-L-Y C-E-A-S-E H-A-L-T S-T-O-P," pause, "C-L-E-R-K-S C-A-N-N-O-T W-O-R-K," pause, "G-O-V-E-R-N-M-E-N-T B-U-S-I-N-E-S-S I-N-T-E-R-R-U-P-T-E-D," pause, "R-E-P-O-R-T W-I-T-H-

O-U-T D-E-L-A-Y T-O M-E F-O-R Y-O-U K-N-O-W W-H-A-T." A longer and impressive pause followed, and then, " T-H-E-O-D-O-R-E R-O-O-S-E-V-E-L-T."

" I know for *what,* very well! " Q said, amid the deadly silence which followed.

" Well—for *what?* " one of the Gang asked, with the recklessness born of his certainty of drastic punishment.

Q looked at him steadily, and with some contempt. " Do you imagine," he remarked, " that my Father is going to take *you* out, and lick *you?* "

" N-no, not exactly," the uncertain one retracted. " But ——"

Q laughed. " Oh," he said, " I thought you were feeling it away down inside—the way I do. . . ."

" The President is at his desk now, I think," the Aide suggested quietly.

" Thanks for telling me," Q said briefly. " I *know* where to find him ——"

The Aide looked at us, as any gentleman would look at a group of other gentlemen, somewhat younger than himself, and refrained from further suggestions. It was one of those few moments, so gratefully remembered, when a full-grown man—other than TR—treated us with proper discrimination. The officer was Captain Archibald Butt, U. S. Army, Personal Aide to the President, that gallant officer who, by the manner of his death won as great distinction as if he had met it upon the field of battle. A passenger aboard the ill-fated *Titanic,*

when she rammed an iceberg, April 14, 1912, he applied himself to a calm, heroic share in the protection and aid, given to the women and children, and perished with honour, as chivalrously as he had lived. Beloved by his brother officers, especially of the White House Staff, a gentleman, an intimate friend of TR, Archibald Butt lived in bachelor quarters at 1718 H Street. On one occasion, as he passed in full uniform on his way to the White House an old negro was heard to say of him, " Dare goes de man, whats de mightiest wid de mighty, an' lowest wid de lowly, of any man in dis city."

To-day, Archibald Butt's spirit seems to be very near to the spot where he talked with us, under the trees; for not two hundred yards south—just beyond the picket-fence of the White House garden—is the fountain erected to his memory and to that of his friend, Francis Davis Millet, the painter, who went down to death with him, on the sloping deck of the *Titanic*.

" Well, good-bye, boys," he said to us, and walked away.

" Olive oil [au revoir]! " cried Q, in terms of equality, thereby somewhat restoring the shaken morale of the Gang. " Without delay, *means without delay,* with Father," said Q, presently. And the Gang formed itself as a detachment of prisoners, hemmed about by the invisible, yet concrete necessity of obedience to the President of the United States. Some of the " *others in authority* "

wished, fervently, it were Sunday, with assembled congregations praying for them. Urgent, special prayers were needed right then. . . .

"Whose idea was it?" TR asked, with slow, deliberate gravity such as we had never seen before.

"Which idea?" Q asked quickly. "If you mean the mirrors, it was mine ——"

"What other ideas have you in mind, Quentin Roosevelt?" asked TR formally.

"Oh, the idea of going over to the State-War-Navy Building, for instance," Q explained.

"Whose idea was that?" pursued TR, relentlessly.

"Mine," Q admitted briefly.

"Were there other ideas?" TR asked, relaxing, in no way, the insistence of his tone.

"Well, there's the idea of their laughing at us," Q said, elaborating with a complete story of the incident, which had made him so angry.

We were deeply impressed by the President's serious reception of Quentin's narrative. Here, again, TR was taking a definite share in our personal affairs; and the impression conveyed was, in a way, comparable to the clear, sharp contact of a die, upon the smooth surface of a softer metal.

But to ascribe merely the force of a stamping-mill to TR, would be more than unfair to him; it would be a gross libel. The force was there, certainly—the strength, the power. But its effectiveness was best demonstrated when it moved with a

quiet, smooth, almost hydraulic irresistibility. It was thus that he dealt with Q and the Gang.

That TR should have chosen to have that message wigwagged to us from the top of the State-War-Navy Building, did not overly disturb us, because, even in his reprimands, he was quite unusual. And this was because he considered deeply and logically and with such dispatch that the result appeared to be a matter of impulse. Like father like son, or—as we saw it—like son, like Father; TR was simply a natural man without inhibitions or hold-backs; Q was a natural boy, without the restraints of unimportant information; and so both were, indeed and of a truth, most unusual.

Consequently, when TR heard of the State-War-Navy trouble, he immediately seized upon the most effective way to halt the disturbance and administer the reprimand . . . knowing that the time for reprimand is immediately subsequent to the delinquency. Putting his tongue in his cheek perhaps, TR wrote that message with the deftness of a statesman, having a complete understanding of our minds, and knowing, almost to an iota, the response to be expected from it.

It acknowledged the importance and success of our attack upon the building and, because of that, when we reported to him, it was as undefeated and honourable combatants, who had earned the right to an unprejudiced hearing.

"I know, and I take for granted," TR said,

" that you have good reason for all this. I would like to have an expression, however, of *your* understanding of your rights, in the corridors of the State-War-Navy Building?"

"Well," Q explained, "we have more rights there, than anywhere else—except in the White House—because it's the closest thing to us. . . ."

"Yes, yes," TR seemed to agree, "and the next closest p-r-i-v-i-l-e-g-e-d place—as I understand it—is on the opposite side of the White House, the Treasury?"

"No," Q corrected. "It ought to be, but it isn't; we don't ever go there ——"

"No?" TR said, looking surprised. "Then there's something wrong about *my* idea of your rights. Because, I certainly should think, that the Treasury would be immense-ly better for your purposes. Think of all those bags of money, those stacks of c-u-r-r-e-n-c-y, those bars of silver and gold, millions on millions of dollars that should be yours, to do e-x-a-c-t-l-y as you chose with—because the Treasury is just across the street."

Q looked startled. The eyes of the Gang began to protrude; they licked dry lips with moistening tongues.

"Golly!" Q remarked abruptly. "I wish that were true! But it isn't, of course ——"

"No, of course it isn't," TR said quietly.

The Gang shook their heads gravely.

"They wouldn't let us touch a single nickel,"

cried Q rushingly. "We'd be pinched, and thrown in jail, maybe shot, and ——"

"Not entirely in-con-ceivable," TR said. "If you seriously attempted a raid on the Treasury of the United States, the Captain of the Watch would fight to his last man; Major Sylvester would have all the D. C. Police out on the job, quickly enough, and the Secretary of War might see fit to order a troop or two of cavalry from Fort Meyer."

"Blooey! Blooey!" Q said, in a serious voice.

TR nodded in agreement.

"I guess we haven't any right in the Treasury at all," Q admitted, with a touch of regret. Then he added—"any more than we have, in the State-War-Navy Building."

"That is the exact truth of the whole matter," TR confirmed concisely.

Q looked sorrowfully at the Gang and we at him. The realization had broken in upon us, that we did not own the earth after all. Nor were we "persons in authority." We had, however, the satisfaction of discovering this sickening disillusionment, ourselves—had not been tactlessly and brutally told it.

TR must have known the thoughts which were breaking in waves across our minds. He dismissed the whole subject immediately by saying, "Every once in a while, when you feel like it, I hope you'll all come in to see me? Now, won't you?"

Had we been completely shorn of our honours?

Perhaps; but we knew, and appreciated, the fact of our having gained a tremendous one—that of special access, to the President of the United States.

As we went out of the office, TR turned to his work with an air of concentration, which showed that he had completed an important job, and was turning to another, thereby erasing from his mind everything that had occurred between us. The Gang went out into the garden, and sat down upon a stone bench in the sun. Nothing was said for a long time; but the thinking that went on, was prodigious. . . .

XI

A PRESIDENT AT PLAY

THOUGHT, at our age, was a painful process and, when we were together, difficult to sustain. With us, thought was almost synonymous with action. It translated itself into concrete movement as naturally as a dog's activity when he sees a cat. So, when Paul Ireland yelped and ran, we followed him to the east entrance, into the long basement corridor and, finally, into the main basement of the White House itself, to see Eddie Norris in the boiler-room, where we were always welcome.

Eddie was an old friend of the Gang's. When in trouble, Q would turn to Eddie, quite naturally. And this was because, when Q was once in a tight corner, Eddie had proved at least sympathetic.

"Eddie! Eddie!" Q had cried, running breathless to Norris. "Where are you? I'm in a *nawful* mess! Come and help me quickly, before Father comes from his office! Quick, Eddie, quick!"

Norris rose from his desk, came through the archway of the basement foundations, skirted the deep pit of the boilers, and said, "Right away, Quent, if I can do it. What is it you want?"

"Eddie," Q demanded, "you've *got* to do it

YELLOWSTONE PARK
WYOMING

April 16th 1903

Blessed Darling-girl,

I love you very much. Here is a picture of the mule that carries, among other things, my bag of clothes &c.

There are about twenty mules in the pack train. They all follow one another in single file up and down the mountain paths and across the streams.

Your loving
father.

By permission of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt

No matter how arduous were the duties of the presidency, T.R. always found time for his children

. . . *immejitly!* Get a piece of board"—indicating the size with his hands—"and a can of brown paint, and a brush, and a hammer, and some tacks. Quick, Eddie!"

Q clutched Eddie by the belt, and pulled him out into the hall. Eddie took one look across the passage and groaned. Quentin had been coasting up and down the hall in a small express wagon, propelling it with one foot over the edge. Suddenly the front wheels had twisted, the tongue of the wagon had jerked out of Q's hands and gone right through the lower part of the full-length portrait of Mrs. Rutherford Hayes!

"And," Norris said, years later, indicating the seriousness of Q's accident, "that portrait, by Huntington, had been presented to the White House, by the Women's National Temperance Union, because President Hayes drank nothing but Potomac River water. . . ." The patching and repainting of the canvas was most skilfully done; to-day it is unnoticeable to the casual observer and hardly to be detected with the closest scrutiny. It was not repaired exactly as Q suggested, however, nor by Eddie, but by experts, and under Presidential supervision.

Just before we reached Eddie's door, Q halted to exchange banter with one of the ushers, making one of his favourite remarks, "Are you going to change your clothes right now?"

This had reference to the dress regulations, then

in force, and which had made a great impression on Q. Ushers wore white gloves always, and frock-coats, from eight in the morning, until six in the evening. After six, they appeared in formal evening dress.

"The shirt and collar you wore last night, will not be worn again to-night, I trust," Q remarked casually.

The usher, used to this sort of thing, grinned with good humour. Then he suddenly stiffened into alert formality. Without looking, we knew this to be caused by the arrival of TR. The signal is of course passed along when the President is "on his way." In addition, however, there circulates through the Executive Mansion a sort of telepathic knowledge of the President's movements. This sort of foreknowledge, so I am told, attaches itself to the king, regent, dictator or president of every country in the world large enough to have corridors in a palace . . . and, as I have said, despite its stately simplicity the White House had it aplenty. The feeling among the ushers that the President was in the offing was positively uncanny; it was, moreover, definitely experienced by sensitive boys.

Q must have felt it, too, that morning in the lower hall, because he cried, "*He's* coming!" in a loud voice, and pretended to swoon with excitement. Naturally, it developed in another member and speedily spread to the rest of us. The Gang began to collapse all about the lower hall.

In the midst of this hubbub TR entered, and halted to observe us; so we went right on with it. I chose to stagger and drop right opposite the President and the red plush-covered pedestal on which stood the marble bust of Martin Van Buren. I clutched at the pedestal as I fell, and was immediately jumped upon by members of the Gang.

There was a warning shout of "Look out!" from TR, and we saw Martin Van Buren wobbling upon his pedestal, about to topple to the floor and be shattered into fragments. TR, however, considered only the Gang, not the bust, and swept the two nearest boys out of danger with great dexterity and vigour. As for myself, I simply sat transfixed upon the floor, looking as TR said, afterwards, "as white as Mr. President Van Buren himself."

Fortunately, the bust did not fall, but settled back upon its base. It was held on its pedestal only by its own weight—some three hundred and fifty pounds—quite sufficient to have killed a boy.

"Nobody hurt—least of all Van Buren," said TR. "But you must be more careful of these historical and valuable things—we are the custodians of them—or I shall have to put this corridor out of bounds. . . . What caused these fainting spells?"

"We were pretending," Q explained, "to be very much alarmed by your coming, Father ——"

"Is there anything so very alarming about me?" TR asked quickly.

"I—I—don't know," hesitated Dick Chew, who happened to catch the President's eye.

"Not denying it, it must be so," TR said with a note of concern. "Now what do you suppose I can do to overcome it?"

"Take a bath," Q suggested. "That's what everybody keeps telling me is best for everything——"

Q could not possibly have been more than eleven, and in this remark, there is an alert quickness of repartee, surprising for one of his years. There, of course, was his mind, turning over and over like a little motor. His body, well-rounded, but never sluggish, simply had to hustle, to keep up with his mind and only partially succeeded. That was one reason why the Washington correspondents hardly ever saw Q except—as they recorded it—"on the run."

Preserving a great respect for the newspaper fraternity of which, later, he, himself, was a member, this chronicler has closed his ears to many of the stories it tells of Quentin. Though the importance of Washington news precludes the employment of all but the best-equipped journalists—men most sincerely careful of the exact truth—many of the published Quentinian incidents were happenings beyond the ken of the Gang.

One comment, however, made twenty years after Q's exploits in, and about Washington, is certainly worth consideration. A well-known newspaper cor-

respondent, very wise in the ways of the world, very keen, and as direct and impersonal as a surgeon, in his diagnosis of personalities, said, "Just one remark—just one come-back—from Quentin, would reveal his attitude completely. . . . They speak of Lincoln as a man for the ages; if that be accepted, then Quentin Roosevelt was a boy for the ages—a boy who was a man in the beginning, a man who was a boy at the end. No finer boy-man than Quentin, has come within the province of my knowledge. . . ." So this correspondent—who knows—passes Riggs Bank, on his way to the Press Club, swinging his stick, and looking anxiously, perhaps a little disappointedly, into the faces of the boys he meets. He is looking wistfully, it may be, for another Quentin. . . .

Twenty years before, we strove, at various times, to impress our faces upon all Washington, from the back-facing seat of the trolley-cars, going down Connecticut Avenue, towards Lafayette Park and the White House. As we passed the carriages, we would proceed to make the most enigmatical masks at the occupants, Q sometimes sticking his fingers in the corners of his mouth and eyes and pulling out to right and left as though his features were rubber. When it hurt, he knew the best face had been attained.

The personal characteristics of the countenances we saw, in Washington—nearly every sixth individual being, or imagining himself to be, a personage—

provided us with the best masks for imitation and mockery. One particular model with a square-cut beard was irresistible. On occasion, Q would put the back of his hand to his chin, and waggle his fingers to and fro, to imitate the breeze rippling through the hirsute adornment. This personage became outrageously angry and flushed scarlet across his forehead and exposed cheek bones; but we were yards away from him by the time he rose in his carriage, waving a walking stick. Had the street-car stopped in his vicinity, doubtless he would have struck at us.

Quite the opposite was it, when we passed TR, alone in his carriage; he was our friend, and we made the worst faces we knew how. He responded immediately, in kind, and as the street-car slowed down, on account of traffic on the tracks ahead, TR produced some terrifying and extraordinary grimaces, which were witnessed with the utmost amazement by passengers on the car. As the car halted, for the carriage to make a left turn ahead of it, TR leaned forward and said, loudly enough to be heard the length of the car, "Quentin Roosevelt, and you other little rascals, I think you have very nearly succeeded in making a fool of me, in public—ordinarily, a rather difficult thing to accomplish. I had the idea of asking you to hop in, and ride the rest of the way with me. On second thought, I have concluded that it is entirely too dangerous for me to be seen with you ——"

At this point, the carefully preserved solemnity of Wheeler and Reader, the Presidential coachman and footman, cracked into dazzling white apertures, and the carriage swept away.

As a matter of fact, TR's dignity had suffered in no way. That were not possible. About Theodore Roosevelt there was ever an unaffected naturalness, which remained splendidly unassailable, no matter what the character of the incident in which, at the moment, he was engaged.

Thinking about this episode now, I have every reason to be certain that it furnished the occupants of that street-car with a privileged and tremendously refreshing sense of human closeness to TR. They had seen one as human as themselves—daring, without consideration, to be even more spontaneously human. . . . Such things are of the high degrees of greatness. . . .

But to the members of the Gang their pride of position was—well, just pride—no more, no less. It would encompass a small boy—small wonder!—sitting formally erect in the exact centre of the seat of a White House carriage, the horses fresh from the hands of the faithful Lee—who is still with Mrs. Roosevelt, at Sagamore Hill. The coachman was not only a coachman, he was an emblem. He wore a red, white and blue cockade on a shining silk hat which towered above his shining black face; he drove two spanking horses with parti-coloured rosettes and ribbons fluttering at their ears. And

the round, blazoned seal of the United States of America was set upon the coach-doors. All this made the heart beat fast!

It was amusing, also, to receive bows and familiar waves of the hand from someone of whom we had not the slightest knowledge. One could not possibly go wrong—so, doubtless, these people thought—in saluting anybody who sat behind that livery.

Such perambulating pride and honour, moreover, could easily be shared with another member of the Gang, even split into thirds and quarters, before we crossed Pennsylvania Avenue and turned in at the gates of the White House.

But since that State-War-Navy affair, and our discovery—with TR's assistance—that we did not own the earth, there was laid upon us, a spirit of restraint. While we still heartily enjoyed every bit of the pomp that circumstance brought us, it was that keen sort of pleasure which is tinged with seriousness, if not sadness. We came to understand that our position of power was a temporary thing; it would cease for all time, at the end of the Administration. We should then become mere nonentities, like Congressmen out of office. Truly we had no abiding or continuing place. . . .

As we came the more thoroughly to realize that we must acquire the earth—if at all—by our own individual effort, each of us withdrew unto himself . . . and the anomaly was furnished of a number of small boys, supposed to be inseparable, but

who, in reality, were set miles apart by their personal preoccupations. Expressing their feelings at random and by curiously dissimilar movements; suddenly becoming aware of each other with irritation and anger; altogether self-conscious and mentally clownish, we, mutually made of life a thing, not to be enjoyed, but suffered and endured. Not, of course, that all action and intercourse between us ceased; but there were longer lapses between thoughts and, in consequence, longer intermissions between acts. These, when united in a common endeavour, were more than likely to turn against society in general, with which we now knew we had to wage perpetual war.

Q, brimming over with a plan against the White House Staff, imparted it to us with every assurance of success. Putting it immediately into action, we moved silently and alertly through the upper hall, turning into a recess in which there was the tight little service-staircase, and the elevator.

For the good and sufficient reason that, "we shouldn't be seen fooling around the elevator, or somebody might remember it," Q enjoined us to slip down the stairs. These were as circular as if built in a lighthouse well, and rushing past the smooth walls as we descended the narrow spiral, made us dizzy and breathless.

Arrived at the basement floor, Q pressed the automatic control button upon the door-frame of the elevator and the car rose, revealing the crate

below—it was built in two stories, for both passenger and freight use. The Gang entered the crate; Q manipulated the buttons and we sank below the basement floor, our crate being in semi-darkness, and the passenger-car presenting the usual appearance of an empty elevator, ready to be used. . . .

Like many another detail about the White House, even this elevator possessed historic associations. The timber of which it was built once formed part of the Old South Church in Boston, and was neatly mitred together, in order to make the best use of odd-shaped and unmatched pieces. This was done with true craftsmanship, and in a gesture of sentiment. And rightly so; for it was in the Old South Church where met the angry citizens after the "Boston Massacre" (1770) and where later were voiced the first secret suggestions, and made sure the plans, which led to the "Boston Tea Party" (1773) . . . to revolt of the Colonies, and eventually, to our independence as a nation. . . .

The historic passenger-car remains unto this day, but its operating mechanism has been modernized. The freight-crate has, long since, been eliminated. But, on the day of which I write, it would have taken the combined skill and knowledge of an elevator expert, an electrical engineer and a public-relations counsel to explain the erratic workings of this individual elevator. It was one of the early automatic models, vagaries of which have since been

overcome. It could be stopped by the thoughtless or careless touching of a button, on any one of the floors it served. Thus, a passenger, finding himself suddenly frustrated in his attempt to rise or fall, naturally imagined the annoyance as being caused by someone on another floor desiring to use the elevator.

We rose from the basement on orders above, but Q punched the basement button and the fight was on—up or down? The elevator, having no personal predilection, simply obeyed the last order received, like a good soldier.

Having committed ourselves by punching the "down" button, we were compelled, every time the passenger above reversed it, to immediately follow suit; so, the elevator, its motor constantly stopping and starting, worked hard but arrived nowhere. Neither did the passenger. As a matter of fact, he did not even *start,* since the elevator had to be brought to a dead stop, before the car-door would open.

The Gang, elbowing each other aside in their eagerness to manipulate buttons, continued this satisfying sport. The passenger above, seemed to be just as determined as ourselves, to have his way; the fight went on for five minutes, possibly, neither side making concessions.

Finally there was a tremendous thud upon the floor of the passenger-car—our ceiling—and a great voice came thundering down the elevator shaft.

"I have stood this long enough," it cried. "Have done with it, and at *once!*"

"*Father!*" said Q, in an awed whisper.

Several of the Gang sat down hard, upon the floor of the car. With his hands behind his back, Q stood as far away from the buttons as possible. He was not afraid, but he was startled, perhaps shocked, by the sudden materialization of the one possibility none of us had considered.

The machinery clicked again; the car rose slowly and unopposed; it stopped at the floor of the private apartments; the door above, opened and closed, and we stood in absolute silence, holding our breath. Suddenly Q pushed the "up" button; it was just as well to go and take our medicine. But TR had vanished—simply gone away; doubtless he had given the matter all the time he could spare. No explanations were ever demanded, and none—so far as we knew—ever given. Our private opinion was, that the President, not wishing to approve the incident in our presence, but relishing it down in the heart of him, had gone away to laugh heartily at the fun.

On another occasion, Q, Charles, Dick and myself gave the elevator so many conflicting orders, that, finally, it mutinied, and refused to obey. Jamming all its buttons in an angry short-circuit, it remained mulishly immovable, half-way between the living-quarters and the attic, for, what seemed to us, to be forty days and nights, although it may have

been a few minutes only. Finally, the mechanics were brought to the rescue.

For this escapade Q criticised himself and us with one of his own personal words, "That was most *imprudent!*" he remarked. Perhaps he used this word because it enabled him to quote Edward Lear again, which he proceeded to do:

> "'There was an Old Person of Chili,
> Whose conduct was painful and silly;
> He sat on the stairs,
> Eating Apples and Pears—
> That *imprudent* Old Person of Chili.'[2]

I think it would be safer for us to use the stairs from now on ——" he added.

"I know some better buttons than push-buttons," Dick said abruptly. Q flushed with anger. "Don't talk about them!" he said, and the Gang laughed.

His disturbance, which reference to this subject occasioned, related to the only seriously deep irritation the Gang was ever able to make him exhibit. It arose out of his loyalty to his father; the matter was political, and harked back to the end of Theodore Roosevelt's first term. Pre-election partisanship ran high and campaign badges and buttons were prominent. Q took such special delight in snatching off Parker buttons—his father's opponent was Judge Alton B. Parker—worn at school, and stamping them underfoot. Soon they were being flaunted before him, simply to make him angry.

The fact that no one could vote in the District of Columbia had no weight with Q. None of the boys wearing the emblems were within many years of registration age, even had they been where were the rights of citizenship. The bare thought, that there were people in the United States who did not want his father to be President for the next four years, was enough. He regarded it as something to be over-ridden and beaten down.

There were others at school holding exactly the same sentiments as Q. They admitted the correctness of his stand, but were not given to detonate quite so quickly. Moreover: Q's drastic methods were quite likely to involve them in a fight, or, more often, a series of fights, without scarcely a word or sign of warning.

On this account, the boys' coatroom, just off the classroom, often became the scene of the wildest confusion. Coats and caps would be strewn, indiscriminately, from one end of it to the other. Q's friends would take his part, surrounding and restraining him, until he could be shoved into line and marched away from the impending danger of corrective authority. Once released, however, and stepping across the outside door-sill into the schoolyard, Q would charge all Parker buttons and Parker partisans, with the fury of a small but thoroughly roused young bull, seeing red in every corner of the meadow.

This is particularly worthy of comment, on ac-

count of Q's unquestioning belief in the justice of his cause; his creditable personal pride; his utter disregard of the size or strength of his opponents. These qualities enabled him to overcome boys in the grades above ours, until he had trounced some notably big fellows, much older and stronger than himself.

"You just can't possibly quit, on a thing so *important* as this," he once said, right in the middle of an encounter. He was going strong, and quoting between blows:

"'There was a young lady of Clare'
("That's you, you fat-headed, freckle-faced long-eared Parker pup!")
'Who was sadly pursued by a bear;
When she found she was tired,'
("I've got you tired, because you're a Democrat, ha-ha, hee-haw!")
'She promptly expired
That unfortunate Lady of Clare.'[2]

And so will *you,* if you don't give me that button! You're lucky, I didn't make you swallow it! There are a lot of fellas staying away from school, because they have buttons inside of 'em. . . ."

While this latter was a happy thought of Q's and doubtless intended as a deterrent to some who would otherwise have worn the offending buttons, it had, of course, no basis in fact. The suggestion spread, however, until it finally reached the ears of Quentin's teacher, who immediately questioned him.

"No," he admitted gravely. "That's not true, at all; it's only my *desire* ——"

Later, we used that word in Gang discussion in its generic sense when our various outcroppings of the spirit became so acute as to insist on being ventilated among ourselves. These talks, if we happened to be Q's house-guests, and quartered, all together, in one big bedroom of the White House, extended well into the night, until one after the other dropped out of the conversation and off to sleep. Regardless of the character of the subjects discussed, those old walls have rarely had such sincerely serious reasoning done within them, since the cornerstone of the White House was laid by George Washington, Gentleman, first President of the United States.

XII

ESPRIT DE CORPS

THESE bedtime talks, both at the time they were engaged in, and in after years to look back upon, were among the most pleasurable incidents in the entire story of the White House Gang. Wilkins, the houseman, says he remembered these occasions particularly, because, "in the morning, I'd find Quentin's clothes and everybody's else, scattered everywhere, and shoes up on top of bed-canopies, or behind cupboards, where they'd been slung the night before."

Finding two left shoes and no rights to mate them, Wilkins, being in charge of the boys' clothing, had, on one occasion, to report these losses to Mrs. Roosevelt. She was not greatly disturbed, however, being happily wise, and full of understanding. She simply authorized the purchase of another pair of shoes. When one of the missing shoes was discovered behind a picture that had unaccountably tilted, she set it down to unexpected and profitable increment.

Part of her wisdom lay in not expecting, or demanding too much from Q, with regard to unimportant details. She knew more about the mind of a child—manifesting her knowledge, continually, in a

hundred various ways—than any teacher of child-psychology I have ever known.

That both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt—despite the demands of their great public position—continued to know their children so well was nothing short of a great achievement. I have no idea how they managed it. Thoroughly on a par with TR, we felt that Mrs. Roosevelt considered it a misfortune to be a First Lady, and, therefore, not able to romp with us, through rooms and halls of the White House. For both of them, there was a great deal of work to be done, yet both would make frequent breaks from conferences or other functions in order to keep track of us, and to take part in our enterprises whenever it seemed advisable to them.

Mrs. Roosevelt possessed a quick understanding of when it was wise to interfere with Gang plans—and when to look the other way. She knew that her adult motives could not entirely be her guide; she clearly recognized those moments when outside suggestions would promptly have been rejected, and when the Gang might easily have done the exact opposite of what she desired. Her judgment in these matters, was keen, because she was alive to the hourly changes of pitch of childhood spirit. She knew Q's humour at this time was at a place of crisis, and that the taut intention of the Gang to conquer its world, had brought out all its egos and seriously threatened disbandment.

Of Q, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt once remarked,

"What a *fine* bad little boy he was!" Perhaps this comment equally applied to other Gang members when each was a self-nominated candidate for leadership. The whole future seemed to each one of us, personally, to depend upon it. Picking irritably upon one another showed, perhaps, that the Gangsters were over-stimulated by their familiarity with the White House and with being too often on the fringe of events, which, while they did not understand them, they nevertheless felt to be swirling about them as in some magnetic field of emotion.

This whole situation was unusual, but it was not new to the White House. Thirty-six years before, Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, the wife of the President, recognized the same problem, with regard to her youngest son, Jesse Root Grant, then thirteen years old. Quoting from the Grant Gang Chronicle:

"With unusual judgment and foresight [Mrs. Grant] had observed the effect of the General's preëminent military position upon her boys when they were about Army Headquarters . . ." and later ". . . the effect of the White House environment upon children, especially upon Jesse. . . . To counteract this she sought association for him with a group of natural, healthy, normal boys and in order to break down the isolation which naturally surrounds children of the White House, she had this society organized. . . ." [5]

This was the K. F. R. Society of Washington—

the meaning of the letters has never been divulged —the Grant Gang, which met, first, on Christmas Day, 1871, in a gardener's tool-house on the White House grounds—the exact location being under where the President's office now stands. Its thrillingly mysterious depths were lighted by a few candles, which disclosed a stove and only chairs sufficient for duly-elected officers.

And as with us, many years later, there were six boys in the beginning of things—Jesse Grant, his cousin Baine Dent, Albion Parris (the Washington banker, to whom the chronicler of the Roosevelt Gang is indebted for this information), Harry Cutts, Frank Bolles and Walter Chew. The last-named, together with his twin-brother Leonard, who became the first new member, establish a blood-connection with Dick Chew, our own member, and so, between the Grant and Roosevelt Gangs.

Three uncles of our own Dick, were members of the Grant Gang. (His mother's brother, Edward Cady, of Washington, was Grant Gang member number 68 in good standing.)

More remarkable still, is the fact, that Dick's father, Robert S. Chew (well-known in Washington), who died in 1923, at the age of seventy-three, was a playmate of "Tad" Lincoln, and member of the cadet company which drilled, in Civil War days, in our own south garden.

"Tad" (Thomas) Lincoln was eight, when his father came to the White House as President. His

brother, Robert, eighteen, was away at school. His other brother, William, ten, died about a year later (February, 1862), during the darkest hours of the Civil War. The Government Departments closed as a mark of sympathy. . . . At only one other time (when at the death of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., the departments were generally closed by the individual action of the Secretaries), has the death of a child been so observed in our history. President Lincoln, already bowed by the cares of war and state, turned to Tad for some brief moments of consolation. It was about this time that Secretary of War Stanton, harsh, peremptory, sharp-tongued, violent, succumbed to Tad's winning disposition and in a moment of indiscretion, commissioned the boy a lieutenant in the Union Army.[6]

By all accounts, Tad Lincoln must have been very much like our own Q, for he speedily had the White House staff drilling under his orders. This becoming impracticable he recruited, perhaps drafted, a company of boys of his own age, to command—the Lincoln Gang.

Thus, due to Dick Chew and his forebears, the Roosevelt Gang of the White House proudly claims a tradition not unlike that cherished by some of the historic regiments of the line—that of carrying on an unbroken history of defeat and victory, through the administrations of Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant and Theodore Roosevelt!

A member of the Grant Gang once wrote: " How

we have ever been willing to speak to each other, in all these years, after the way we treated each other in those days, is a wonder. Very few of us escaped being expelled, in disgrace, at one time or another; and most of us either resigned in a huff, or were expelled for unpaid dues, or for non-attendance at meetings, or for non-performance of duties. . . . There were meetings when the president could only keep order by shying kindling-wood at the heads of unruly members—days when there were free fights—days when there were fierce rivalries and personal jealousies, causing a quick succession of cliques, and cabals, and caucuses, and heart-burnings to follow." [5] Added proof is scarcely needed—that boys of one generation differ very little from boys of another.

In jealousy and a sense of alleged superiority were the real motives for the revival of initiations among us to be found. Sometimes these were carried off in fun, sometimes in all seriousness; but at this particular period, they were instituted with the hope that their severity might eliminate rival candidates for leadership, for if a member quailed under the imposition, no matter how difficult its accomplishment, he forfeited his chance of honour.

With the Gang, initiations began again mildly enough. A member was blindfolded and presented with three or four inches of wet macaroni and told to "eat this *worm,* alive, cold and wriggling, and

swallow it down *whole* after chewing it thoroughly, for a minute by the watch. . . ." Sometimes he would be given one grain of cooked tapioca, and told it was the eye of a fish. The "black" hand, was fireplace soot smeared across the lips, and drinking four full tumblers of water in immediate succession, which was supposed to produce the cramps —but never exactly worked. The "white" hand, was talcum powder, more preferably flour, massaged well into the scalp, and sifted down the neck, on the outside. The "hot" hand, was a stinging blow with a shingle on the sitting-down portion of a member's anatomy delivered with all the strength each of the other members could muster. All of this was to be taken without the slightest demur, or sign of annoyance.

These serving as preliminary degrees, an initiation then became more hazardous—jumping from high places; hanging by the hands where a drop would mean certain physical disaster; being dragged by the legs down staircases; bumping heads against marble floors until a required crack in tone was noted and approved. By far the most difficult, because almost entirely mental, was the strain imposed by having to pass a number of minutes in absolute silence. This was a cruel infliction for Q. For this degree, the candidate would be led about by the Gang bent on meeting or creating a situation wherein, from reasons of explanation or protest, it were a thing almost impossible to maintain silence.

Meanwhile, the candidate had to do whatever he was ordered to do, right up to the last second of the specified period.

Q was thus led by the Gang out from under the south portico and across the lawn to meet what must have been two distinguished visitors, seeing that they were being shown about the gardens by an Aide. The Gang, inspired by an exceptional opportunity thoroughly to haze Q, walked him right up to the visiting group with the greatest effrontery.

"Look friendly and pleased," Q was ordered in a whisper.

The Aide, not hearing the aside, began an altogether proper introduction to the guests. "This is Quentin," he said, "the youngest son ——"

"Turn your back to 'em," was the whispered order.

He promptly obeyed.

"Quentin," said the Aide in a sharper tone, noting that something was wrong. "Your mother's guests should be shown what kind of a boy you are, you know." The Aide was making an appeal to Q to behave, and very handsomely ignoring his bad manners and lapse from an almost invariable frank friendliness. The situation began to be noticeably strained.

"Shake your head," was growled into Q's ear.

Q did as had been bidden.

"Rather unusual *and* uncomplimentary," one of the guests remarked.

"Quentin Roosevelt!" the Aide said curtly. "What's become of your manners!"

"Make a noise like an army mule, but don't say a word!" was the Gang's whispered command.

Q brayed half a dozen times, in rapid succession.

The Aide flushed with embarrassment, the two guests were visibly annoyed, and the interview was becoming altogether painful for all concerned. The back of Q's neck was a rich deep crimson right down to the margin of his collar.

"Time!" cried small Walker White, in a large voice.

Q faced about. "I apologize!" he exploded, in a staccato of tumbled-out words, "I-didn't-mean-to-behave-so. But-you-see-I-*had*-to-do-it until-the-time was-up. It-was-very-rude-and-I-know-it-was. Indeed-I-am-sorry, really. I'm-sure-I'm very-very-glad-to-meet-you-and-mother-has-told-me-she's-so-glad-you've-come. [Pure diplomacy!] I-hope-you-won't tell-her-how-nasty-it-looked-as-though-I-were-to you, because-I-didn't-mean-it-for-a-moment ——"

Q looked beseechingly at the visitors, the Gang explained, and the Aide promised not to inform.

Despite the way Q acquitted himself on this occasion, and on several of a similar character, he was not, at once, accorded the leadership. One of our number was considerably older than the rest, and he felt that this fact should be considered, and said so. But the Gang's opinion of leadership by mere seniority, was not high.

"It's all right in the Army and Navy," Q explained, "where everybody knows his job as well as anybody else, or will, by the time my father gets through with them. . . . But I don't see that *you* do. Now because I——" He stopped abruptly; evidently he was about to urge his own claims but thought better of it. Never, through the entire lifetime of the Gang did Q mention the fact that he was host—which would have clinched the argument as to temporary leadership, even though it had cost him our respect in the long run. At times, however, he *did* have to face the accusation that he had done this or that, just because he was host—a most unfair advantage for the Gang to take simply because our insinuations were, on the surface, practically unanswerable, but, in truth and essence, absolutely unfounded and untrue.

So the hazing went on, until, failing of conclusion by trials of strength, it finally resolved itself into tests of fearlessness and its implicatory qualities of good judgment and quick thinking. Neither of these last named traits, however, could be detected in the complicated and dangerous trick Q conceived, and then proposed he be the first to attempt, all others who dared—if any—to follow.

The scene of this ordeal was at the far west end of the great hall on the second floor, where the fan-window looks out upon the roof of the Executive Offices, and across the way to the State-War-Navy Building, which had caused us to be engaged in all

these considerations. Quentin placed a chair to face this window, but away from the window-seat, about the distance of his own height.

He then dashed away, returning presently with five of his own books and four steel knitting-needles. The books he placed flatwise upon the floor between the chair and the window, and the knitting-needles upright between them. They stood up in a straight row, nine or ten inches from the floor.

Q then proceeded to stretch himself between the window-seat and the chair, the tips of his toes on the seat, his fingers holding the edge of the chair.

"If you slip doing this," he said, "you fill yourself as full of knitting-needles as a porcupine!"

It was only then that the Gang fully understood the test of fearlessness and skill Q had devised. He kept pushing the chair—hitching and inching it—until he had straightened himself out to full length. The hair on the back of my neck rose at the whole proceeding and I held on to the corner of a screen which divided the main hall from the fan-window.

As I did so, I discovered TR standing behind the screen, watching Quentin with the utmost concentration.

"Now," said Q in a cautious voice, though he fully realized the dangerous character of this feat, "the stunt is, to stay this way, *like Mahomet,* for exactly half a minute. Somebody time it for me, and when time's up, it's been done. Then some-

body knock the needles away, so that I can flop down on the floor without getting stuck. But if I fall on 'em before the half minute's up—well, that's *it*, and my own lookout ——"

The rest of the Gang, too fascinated, frightened and absorbed to see anything but Q and the needles, knew nothing of TR's presence.

Presently, the half-minute being over, and the needles removed, Q collapsed from the chair. As he lay on the floor, and breathing hard, he asked, "Now, who wants to try *that?*"

No one moved, no one spoke. Q laughed quietly. "I've got you all stopped on that one," he said, simply,—expressing the fact without a trace of boasting.

We looked uneasily away from him, at each other, around the hall, out of the window. Yes, he had us stopped. He had invented a test that not one of us wished to try! Suddenly I remembered TR; but he was nowhere to be seen; he had simply disappeared!

In his capacity as a most loving father, deeply concerned over the happiness and safety of his children, it must have been a tremendous struggle for TR to keep himself from bursting out from behind that screen, to read Q and the rest of us a sharply-pointed lecture upon the folly of the escapade.

The usual father, one supposes, would have done just that very thing. But TR did not, because—as one understands now—his discernment overcame his

concern. He thoroughly understood, and saw that interference would have dislocated all the degrees of initiation and test through which we had passed and were passing. Moreover: had he not been in close personal touch with the inner concerns of the Gang, he would have known nothing of the import of these tests and trials through which its members were passing.

TR knew that no matter how much of the spoiling of Q's manners, clothes, temper, and the orderly routine of family-life, were caused by the presence of the Gang in the White House, that the advantages of conflicting interests, rivalries and hot personal feelings among boys of identical age, normally healthy and normally selfish, were such as would work out his large moral benefits for all concerned. But he knew, also, that the Gang must be left entirely alone, and to its own devices at important and critical times, to work out, independently, its own problems and salvation.

If Q's leadership of the Gang were not entirely conceded after his feat *à la Mahomet,* it certainly was given ratification on the roof of the White House. Here, where the roof ridge ran east and west, along the centre, was the boardwalk under the flagpole. This walk we (nautically) called the "bridge." With the thick flagpole rising like a mast into the blue, the golden eagle, his wings outspread as if about to take flight, the whole place—except the grey of the roof-deck—was spotlessly

white, correct, severe and shipshape as a man-of-war, the flag-halyards cleated and the ends neatly coiled. Small wonder that we fell into naval terminology. The openings between the balustrades below, Q called "hawse-holes."

Time and again we would look up to the flag—flying only when the President was in the White House or the Government offices—and speculate on the commotion down on Pennsylvania Avenue or in the State-War-Navy Building, which would attend our hauling it down and running it up again. Despite such speculations, however, the flag, in our deepest consciousness, was altogether too sacred a symbol to be touched, except at appointed moments —those of raising and lowering, and even then, with the careful ritual, which we all knew, prohibited the letting of so much as a corner of it touch the ground, and provided for its slow and reverent folding with prescribed and dignified detail.

So, when, as a final, open bid for leadership, one of the Gang actually dared the rest of us to put our speculation into action, and lay profanating hands upon the halyards, Q instantly struck him, with every ounce of strength and energy in his vigorous little body. The boy sprawled off the "bridge" and rolled over and over down the slanting pitch of the roof, some forty-odd feet, to the gutter alongside the balustrade. There he sat, surprised —but entirely settled! And the question of leadership was settled, also—then and there!

XIII

AN AMIABLE AMBASSADOR

THE responsibility of leadership descended upon Quentin with all the weight of the importance to the Gang of success or failure. But in what particular direction achievement must be directed, we did not know. We had no general plan, other than the successful surmounting of obstacles, as we came upon them or darted away to avoid them, when they were suddenly discovered to be potentially calamitous.

It would appear to have been the same with the Grant Gang; for spread upon their old, brittle records—written in the faded ink of the minutes of 1873—is the following: "Jesse Grant moved: That the Society have some motive. Passed. The following . . . were appointed as a Committee on Motive: W. Chew, L. Chew, and A. K. Parris." Much later, Mr. Parris admitted: "I can find no record that this committee ever reported. The subject, it must have been thought, was too vast and complicated, with all life opening up before us. It was only later, that we discovered what our real motive had been, all along. . . ." [5]

The motive, of course, with them as with us, was fellowship and growth, which we understood as

little as they. Our Gang-life was *life;* already we were aware of some of its responsibilities. But we considered ourselves, nevertheless, far removed from the drab existence of most grown-ups . . . particularly the clerks of the State, War and Navy Departments, pouring out of the great building at the end of the day's work; hurrying down the steep banks of steps and, in some mysterious way, emerging from beneath them, eagerly anxious to return to their homes, or as Q said, with a touch of really serious understanding, "Some of them, I fear, to rooms in boarding-houses, and other kinds of lodgings."

This sympathy did not deter us, however, from resorting to the old wallet-and-string trick, in order to decoy a clerk as he hurried home along the curving sidewalk, skirting the south of the White House grounds.

Dick Chew, Walker White and myself lay quietly behind the hedge inside the picket-fence, while Q held the end of the string. The wallet, apparently dropped upon the pavement, was too inviting for the clerk to resist stooping for it. Q jerked the string and the wallet flopped across the sidewalk just as the man's fingers were about to close around it.

Due to Q's over-eager jerk of the line, the wallet caught between the pickets, and the clerk, surprised but agile, grabbed it, before Q could pull it through to safety.

"Well, well," he said, with a grin. "This is one time when the fooler's fooled, and the biter's bitten."

The Gang behind the hedge rose, shamefacedly, to their feet.

"If you'd been an older man, we'd have gotten away with it!" said Q stoutly.

"Maybe," retorted the clerk, "and maybe not. In any case, one has to deal with an opponent just as one finds him. One can't have him born to order. But what are you boys doing inside that fence anyway?" he concluded sharply. Then, recognizing Q, he saw daylight.

"Oh, I see you know who we are," Q said.

"Give us back that purse!" White demanded, in his *basso profundo.*

"Oh no," said the clerk, "I think I deserve the right to keep it. I beat you to it, you know."

"Indeed you did!" Q said abruptly, to the anger of the Gang. "If it affords you any *satisfaction,* to know it, the purse belongs to me ——"

"*Did* belong, you mean," laughed the clerk. "It's going to be *mine,* from now on." Whereupon, he detached the purse from the string, the other end of which Q still held in his fist.

"Oh darn it!" said Q, highly provoked. He had hoped to be able to regain the purse from the unsuspecting clerk, by snatching hastily on the string.

The man laughed, slipped the wallet into his pocket and, without another word, hurried away.

"Served us right," Q said to the Gang. "I guess it was a mean trick at that. Somebody told me that those fellows over there only make fifty dollars a year, and finding a purse full of money would be their only chance to get more ——"

Thus moralizing, the Gang retired under the magnolia trees to ponder future movements. Charlie, swinging himself on a branch, went up into the tree, and the rest of us followed. Voices were heard in the garden, and we immediately froze in the branches, preparing to play a more successful joke, if possible, on whoever might be making in our direction.

The voices were those of TR and M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador. They were so engrossed in their conversation as not to hear the rustling in the leaves above. They stopped almost under us, Jusserand waving his arm in a sweeping gesture which served only to amuse us, and made it more difficult to keep silence.

The French Ambassador's earnestness was surprising. He appeared to be completely obsessed by some conviction or other which he desired to impress upon and communicate to the President.

"I do *not* think, *Monsieur le Président,*" Jusserand declared, repeating the peculiar arm-gesture, "I know, I *know* ——"

We were fascinated. Right below us, something big, something very important was being discussed by the key-men of France and the United States, which,

even to our youthful minds was *thrilling.* Jusserand was wearing a frock-coat, and as he raised his arms to gesticulate the shoulders wrinkled and seemed to rise, thus making him appear taller.

"You—must—be—mistaken, Jusserand!" said TR, laying hold of the lapels of Jusserand's coat with his big fists as if he were about to shake the smaller man. "I have thought about it, and dismissed it as being in-con-ceivable. . . ."

"Non, non!" Jusserand protested. "It is the truth!"

Q snickered, and startled, both TR and M. Jusserand looked up into the tree above them. The branches were heavy with the Gang, all looking down with intent expressions. TR was visibly annoyed; Jusserand turned as crimson as his ribbon of the *Legion d'Honneur,* except in the wrinkles of his forehead. For a moment, neither man spoke, looking blankly at each other, and then, just as blankly, at us.

"No matter what these boys have heard, they—can—be trusted!" TR said, at length.

"Yes," Jusserand agreed. "But what have they heard?"

TR looked up into the tree. "Tell me all you have heard," he commanded. Aided by Walker White and Charlie, Q repeated everything.

At the conclusion of the recital, the President turned to the Ambassador. "If I asked them to keep a secret," he said, with his convincing enuncia-

tion of syllables, "every one of them would *die* rather than divulge it. Isn't that right, boys?"

"Yes, sir!" we chorused. "Yes, Mr. President!" added Charlie.

"Well," said TR, "this time, you are all fully entitled to live. You possess no secret whatever!"

The two men laughed, and walked slowly away, "Discussing, pro-bab-ly affairs of *state*," said Q. "Overhearing a conversation, in that way, makes one feel like a snake-in-the-grass ——"

"Or a monkey in a tree," Charlie corrected.

M. Jusserand, we all loved. There was a sparkle and a friendliness in the man, which was not all Gallic temperament—which, however, is the closest on earth to eternal youth. We recognized his possession of the international virtue of a firm belief in boys, and a perennial interest in their concerns. It must have been the saddest of all his duties, while Ambassador at Washington, when on a September day, eleven years later, and instructed by the President of the French Republic, he forwarded to Quentin's mother and father, a document identical with those received by the parents of French officers and soldiers, who had died for the great and common cause. Jusserand wrote officially, of necessity, and then added simply and with utter sincerity, "As for me, I need not say what I feel in fulfilling this duty; I knew Quentin as a child, and one could easily discover, in the child, the man he would be. Millions of young lives will have been forgotten,

when his memory will still be fresh among us, as in his own country. . . ." [3]

Back in the harum-scarum days, Q called Jusserand "The Man of The Five Names," because, as far as we knew, he was the only man on earth, except a crowned head, with so many. Once, after some concentrated minutes of rehearsal, we rushed to him, interrupting a conversation he was having with TR. Charlie, Slats and myself thus addressed him:

"How do you do, *Jean?*"

"How're you, *Adrien?*"

"Warm day, *Antoine?*"

"Hello, *Jules!*"

He was mystified for a moment and then said, "You have not yet called me by the name I would like best from each one of you, man-to-man—that is Jusserand—just Jusserand——"

Sometimes, it astonished other people to hear us addressing him with perfect equality as "Jusserand!" Sometimes, too, we added a sixth title—a nickname suggested by the way he had said ". . . just Jusserand——" making it "*Joost* Jusserand!"

Once he increased the mystification of a group of guests by putting his finger across his lips, straight under his nose, and, with the other hand, pointing to the nearest tree. This gesture gave us an opportunity for laughter and, at the same time, the delicious sense of possessing a dark secret in com-

mon with him. Certainly diplomacy, then and doubtless still, is woven of such personal things, for Jusserand had captured our hearts, as he did all others in Washington.

In our instance, he did so without intent. He was one of the very few people, outside the close White House family, to whom Q wanted to tell things. "Jusserand should know about this," he would say.

We intended to tell him—probably we never did—of a quite extraordinary compatriot of his, whom Q pretended to have discovered. This was on an entirely unauthorized expedition to that exciting, mysterious, colourful and confusing district south of Pennsylvania Avenue, midway between the White House and the Capitol. Here, on B Street, between Seventh and Ninth Streets, stood the old red-brick Centre Market.

It was a place of smells, sights and sounds beyond anything else in our experience. There was a fascination, which bordered on morbid enchantment, in watching the butchers at work; in inhaling the cold air from the ice-boxes which conveyed the most subtle, frozen fragrances of fish-scales and the salt sea; in rubbing our feet in the sawdust upon the floor, which seemed an altogether manly thing to do. We hurried down one block of stalls, and turned, exploringly, into another just as if we were there on some important errand.

Outside Centre Market, the sidewalks were covered with temporary stalls, for vegetables

and farm produce, just for the day. At the curb, all manner of carts and dilapidated vehicles were backed up, to also serve as stalls. The Gang was watched with sharp suspicion by the stall-holders, who were constantly on the alert to protect themselves against marauding gangs, from the back streets of Washington, who, creating a diversion at one place, would carry out a raid, at another.

Here, the finest negroes to be found in Washington congregated—simple, unaffected, childlike souls, deeply scornful of the ways of the city, who came to sell their produce and drive languidly back into Maryland or Virginia. We felt a sort of kinship with these folk. There were old men, grizzled and grey, still wearing bandanas about their necks and occasionally a faded and wrinkled cutaway purchased from the ole-clo' man; there were ancient women smoking clay pipes and warming their hands at buckets made into braziers, into which scraps of kindling-wood and packing cases had been thrown pell-mell.

Q suddenly halted with an amazed expression; the Gang gathered questioning about him. "By buzzard!" he exclaimed. "Listen!" he continued, cautiously indicating two young negroes sitting on the tail of a wagon, chattering in a jargon which sounded quite meaningless to us.

"I can hardly believe it," Q said, "but they are talking French! The same language Jusserand uses!"

"They're not," denied Walker White. "They're speaking Virginian ——"

"It's French, I tell you," Q protested. "I'll prove it to you ——"

Whereupon, Quentin walked directly up to the two men, smiled most engagingly and asked, "*Avez vous bien dormi?*"

"Says which?" asked one of them, rolling his eyes.

"*Parley vous français?*" Q pursued.

One of the men grunted.

"He says '*non*' *!*" Q explained in some excitement. "What did I tell you! But I'll ask him another, *Mangez vous avec apetit?*"

One of the negroes, uncertain as to whether he were being "kidded," slid down from the tailboard of the wagon and collared Quentin. Immediately the Gang attacked him about the feet and knees, and we all went down in a black-and-white tangle, among the stalls, shoppers and market-baskets. The man must have banged his head heavily on the sidewalk, for he let Q go, who wriggled away. An instant later, however, the negro caught Walker, the smallest of us, by the leg, and stood to his feet, still holding the Runt.

"Let him go!" yelled Q in good, clear English.

By this time, libelous comment was being made concerning us by the proprietors of near-by stalls and by their customers.

"I saw one of 'em pinch some apples," lied one.

"Somebody done bust half-a-dozen aigs!" another moaned.

"Oh, Lordy, Lordy, 'rest 'em," suggested a third.

"That's all a lie!" Q answered. "None of us have done anything, except me, and I haven't done anything, either ——"

A look of sudden decision crossed his face. "*Get* Walker White!" he commanded, and the Gang again charged captor and captured. The man let go of Walker, to parry a blow from Dick, and the Gang, with White safely in the centre, swept down the sidewalk, brushing the crowd aside.

"To the right!" Q ordered. "Get to the bicycles, mount, and each ride in a different direction! We'll meet behind the Post Office Department. If we aren't all there in fifteen minutes, I'll call up Major Sylvester! Beat it! To the right, between wagons ——"

Thus was the first action and orderly retreat, under Q's leadership executed; also, and much more important, the ancient and honourable tradition of "one for all and all for one," was splendidly reaffirmed.

It was by some acquaintance made on this visit to the market, that Q was presented with a pig. Wilkins, the houseman at the Presidential mansion, well remembers him. He was brought to the White House on the hoof, and tethered in the garden. Soon he had eaten a bare circle completely around

his stake, and the problem of victualling him without spoiling the garden, had to be solved by Q and an interested pantryman, by carrying out real food to him. He greedily consumed all that was tendered him, and, always, grunted for more, until Q almost exhausted himself, going back and forth, between pig and pantry.

Finally, as a gesture of conciliation, Q untied him and took him through the basement, into the elevator, and up to the great second-story hall there to be shown off. Members of the family were not present, however, and Q and the pig rooted about the hall, hopefully waiting, for an audience that never came.

This pig is not to be confused with another that Q sold—at the substantial profit of twenty-five cents—to Schmid, the Animal Man.[1] Everything that could be desired was to be found in Schmid's store: guinea-pigs, parrots, goldfish, canaries, rabbits, monkeys, lizards, little Florida alligators, and puppies of all breeds and degrees of appeal. One of the monkeys was always chattering at us, and we at the monkey. Next to the Centre Market, and far more pronouncedly than the Zoo, the fragrance of the place was more delightful, than any rendezvous within our knowledge. Nor were they mere animal odours that we apprehended. With them were blended the imagined aromas of savage camp-fires under the stars, of rawhide, of saddlery, of pipe-clayed pith-helmets, blis-

tering in tropic heat, of the bilge of tramp-steamers, that called from far-away ports, hidden among the mangroves, of the perilous jungles of immemorial Ind.

Wanderlust had now attacked the Gang and every visit to Schmid's served greatly to aggravate it. Only in part, could it be appeased in Washington, but that part we brought, to its fullest extent, within the cruising radius of our bicycles. As members of the Gang now look upon a map of Washington, this roaming carried them east, as far as the Library of Congress, north, up the hill to Columbia Road, west, to Pennsylvania Avenue bridge over Rock Creek, south, to the Washington Monument. But we rarely followed a straight course, and so covered many additional miles of rectangular street intersections, upon which I was supposed to be a standing authority, my father having been Surveyor of the District of Columbia.

In this latter fact, lay one of the subtle considerations of which boys are capable, appreciated then, and in a large measure now. While the Gang spared few feelings, minced no words, rode roughshod over every conceivable sentiment, yet, when it came to the mention of my father, they spoke with the most consummate tact. He had but recently died, and although I said nothing to emphasize the fact—it was too poignant to mention—my comrades did not forget. They felt, perhaps, that they were fortunate in having their own fathers still with

them, and that if they reminded me of my loss, it must be in some manner, complimentary to my father. . . . So they assumed my superior knowledge of the topographical dimensions of Washington. Once a Gang member happened to speak lightly, almost laughingly, of someone who had recently died. "You *fool!*" Quentin said, in a fierce undertone, I distinctly heard, and bumped him off his bicycle. I was so affected, that I promptly wept; then, feeling ashamed, I fell from my own bicycle, holding my knee, to explain the tears. With fine consideration the Gang refused to notice them, but laughed at my fall.

XIV

ASSUMING THE OFFENSIVE

BY this time, the Gang could take care of itself: yet the corporate Gang was, really, Q's best protection and, at last resource, he was ours. Washington streets were much safer then; a boy, on a bicycle, had no difficulty in outspeeding and dodging carriage and wagon traffic, and motor-cars were, as yet, regarded as things to which all concerned gave a wide berth. We did, however, have the disquieting impression of being followed by a man on a bicycle and, one day, Q halted us to discuss the matter in the shadow of the tower of the Church of the Covenant, at the corner of Eighteenth and N Streets.

This particular spot held a peculiar charm for us, because the great, four-square tower had crashed down, in the middle of a night some years before. The church was being built at the time, and although the collapsed tower filled Eighteenth and N Streets with great blocks of greenish stone, and fragments had fallen across the car tracks, on Connecticut Avenue, not a single person had been injured. Quentin said, that seeing the tower had collapsed once, it might do so again, and that in the event of such

occurring it might be an advantage, to be right on the spot. Half-facetiously, yet with a certain measure of apprehension, it was our custom always to assign a Gang member to watch the tower. But now, we were watching for the man on the bicycle.

"I think," said Q, "that I just caught sight of him at the corner of M Street, hiding behind the bushes, on the other side of the triangle. Don't look back, anybody! In just about a minute, we'll all ride out into the middle of the street and circle around for a while, as if we were getting ready to go somewhere, but hadn't exactly decided. That'll give him a good chance to see us and get ready to follow. Then we'll beat it up Eighteenth, just as fast as we can, as if we were going to school—all except Dick. Dick'll turn into that little alley on the right, before you get to Massachusetts Avenue —where the riding-stable is—and turn in *fast*. The rest of us'll just keep on going ——"

Q gave Dick the most explicit directions as to the rest of the plan and it worked famously. The mysterious rider passed the mouth of the alley, following Q and the Gang, Dick popped out and rode after him across Massachusetts Avenue, and most courageously—it was not an easy thing for a boy to dare to do with a man—ran into him from the rear, and engaged him in argument, at the corner of P and Eighteenth Streets.

Meanwhile the Gang had halted two blocks away, and was riding in and out of a side-street, so

as to just remain in view of the man, and leading him to think Q was just around the corner.

But Quentin, riding frantically, circled four or five blocks, and came up behind Dick and the stranger.

"Just as I thought!" said Q, eyeing the mystery-man with flushed recognition. "Why have you been hanging around?"

The man laughed. "I'm sorry, Quentin," he said, "but I'm under orders. I thought you wouldn't mind it, if I kept more or less out of sight."

"Well, that was nice of you," returned Q, "but the more the better. I don't like it at all! I know it's not my father's orders, and, certainly, not my mother's."

"You're right," the Secret Service Man admitted, "neither of them ordered it——"

"By buzzard!" Q said, out of patience. "You fellahs think you can boss my father and my mother; but you can't boss me. I don't need any of your attention—not with *this* bunch trailing along!"

Officially, somebody saw Q's point, and, so far as we were aware, never again was Quentin chaperoned, when out in Gang formation. But we knew little of the watchful care with which our movements—especially about the White House grounds—were followed. We knew there were electrical push-buttons in various strategic places, and signal

devices, by which the guard was informed where to concentrate; but the most assiduous searching and persistent questioning failed to reveal to us, one single piece of evidence, of the character of the mechanism, by which this invisible guardianship was controlled. It was, and is, a remarkably efficient, well considered system.

It worked well for us, just once, and that was when we had been chasing Q through the far limits of the south garden. Suddenly, a man, whom we had been aware had watched us for some minutes, started to climb over the picket-fence. We stopped short, and Q shouted, "Don't do that! Keep out of here!"

The man hesitated, and in an instant, a figure darted out from beneath the south portico, calling to us, "Back this way, boys; let me attend to this . . ." and feet were heard pounding the pavement, outside the fence. Two plainclothes-men, one from the east, one from the west, were racing around the curve of the walk, in the direction of the man. He saw the guard in the grounds and decided not to climb the fence. Then he saw the other officers and a despairing glance in the direction of the Monument showed him half-a-dozen people crossing the intervening space, who certainly would intercept him, on shouted orders. He was collared, none too gently and forcibly walked off towards the east entrance.

"Don't hurt him," Quentin pleaded. "Please!

He couldn't have meant the slightest harm, at all ——"

"No, we won't," answered one of the plain-clothes-men. "He's probably just a crank. Don't worry, Quentin ——"

We felt assured that the prisoner was treated as being harmless; but we never played so near the fence again.

"We don't want to serve as *crank-bait,*" Q said.

This was expressed curiously, perhaps, yet it represented Q's recognition of our responsibility not to attract cranks to the White House or to TR and Mrs. Roosevelt. It was an almost imperceptible adjustment of his behaviour to the commonly-accepted standards of protecting people in high position. The garden, now known by us to be properly guarded, enhanced greatly in beauty. We took ample time to go definitely about it, to observe and admire the pink dogwood in bloom, the buckeyes, the lilacs, and to remark upon the way the sun dazzled against the columns of the portico.

As a relief from all this—too much physical beauty overcame us—Quentin suggested the cellar and the domain of Eddie Norris. Hurrying there one day, we encountered a number of unknowns in the oval room now used for Diplomatic entrance, waiting—as an usher explained to us, in a whisper—to be photographed along with the President.

"Stuffy business!" remarked Q, in a distinctly audible voice, greatly annoyed that this apartment

should be filled with visitors. "The room should be closed," said Q, "and a chain put across the door, with a sign marked 'Private.' Because it's our Christmas Tree room and should *never* be used for anything else."

The usher agreed. Meanwhile, our way was blocked by the curious, who were observing us more closely than we cared for. So we filed out of the west entrance of the hall, and proceeded indecisively towards the Executive Offices and met TR on his way to the south portico to honour his engagement in the matter of the photograph.

"Where away, now?" TR asked the Gang, collectively.

"We don't know," Q admitted. "The whole darn place is full of people, who have no business there at all."

TR flashed his famous smile. "Oh yes they have," he corrected. "Every American citizen—about seventy-six millions of him—has a right here. You must remember that this isn't our house, at all, as is Sagamore Hill. All we really have here, is the second floor. We are fortunate, however, that all the people who have the right, don't choose to come to visit us at one time! Remember that figure—seventy-six. Remember it by remembering the date of the beginning, 1776, which, of course, nobody can ever forget. Fourteen or fifteen years after that date, there were only about four millions in our country; think of that, too!"

"Golly!" said Q, genuinely astonished. "We bred just as fast as guinea-pigs, didn't we!"

TR threw his head back, and laughed aloud. Bramlett, a policeman standing at attention near by, strove mightily to keep a straight face—and failed.

"Well, what do you propose to do, now?" TR asked, changing the subject.

"Well, we had a plan in the cellar; but it's all spoiled now," Q said sadly.

"Guy Fawkes?" TR questioned, turning to go to keep his appointment.

"Guy Fawkes," repeated Q, greatly intrigued by the name. "Who is he?"

The President halted. "Guy Fawkes," he said, "was the conspirator who tried, and nearly succeeded, in blowing up the British House of Lords and the King, by mining the cellar. It was called the Gunpowder Plot, and happened in sixteen hundred"—he thought a moment—"sixteen hundred and four. Find out what king reigned in England at the time and why it was that Fawkes said part of the plan was, to 'blow the Scots back into Scotland!'"

Perceiving that he had said enough to start historical research, TR added, "Please let me know if you discover—as you will—other interesting matters relating to Guy Fawkes . . ." and walked vigorously away, to meet the delegation and face the camera.

Whereupon Q indulged in one of his unusual ex-

pressions. "Father," he said, "is simply a *mine* of information. If he had the time, he could tell us a lot of things we'd like to know. But even as it is, I think he does pretty well ——" It was not difficult to determine from whence came many of Q's quaint, unusual words. Quentin Roosevelt was his father's son!

Consider the busy men we know, to-day. To think of one capable of holding a position at all comparable to TR's, one must select the actively executive head of some very large corporation. Having selected him, one must determine whether this man is accurately conversant with a thousand and one historical, literary, scientific, anthropological and ethnological facts which lie outside his own particular province of activity. Then he must ask if this man of affairs would consider it profitable or important enough, to devote time, in the midst of a closely-packed schedule, to impart to several dishevelled little boys enough information to cause them to move with interested initiative in the direction of further knowledge? One must remember too, that this must be done with an instantaneous appreciation of the parallels proper for the precise moment . . . without which, the information would be academic and lifeless. . . . When one has considered all this, he has glanced upon one facet of the great character that was Theodore Roosevelt.

So do all great men, unconscious of their great-

ness or that they are meeting the age-old test for great souls, halt for children. It is told of Washington that he so halted, for a ten-year-old boy, when the related circumstances would have occasioned nothing but annoyance for a smaller man. Sam Hay, son of Colonel A. H. Hay of Haverstraw, fired a toy-cannon, charged to the brim, properly to salute the General. Washington's horse reared and plunged, and the General was very nearly unseated. He steadied himself, however, and, instead of reprimanding young Hay, thanked him for the compliment, dismounted, and wrote out, for the boy, an order upon the Ordnance Department, for one pound of powder expended. . . .[7]

Having been halted by TR and by him having had its energy re-directed, the Gang, led by Q, turned back into the White House, and made for the President's study, where works of reference and histories were known to be housed. First, however, under Q's orders, we washed and scrubbed our hands, and passed his close scrutiny. Dick and I had to return to the bath-room for a more vigorous use of the scrubbing-brush, before we were permitted to turn the pages of research.

Meanwhile, Q, already completely absorbed, reached into his hip-pocket for a handkerchief and not catching hold of it jerked out, instead, the tail of his shirt. A moment later he secured the handkerchief, but proceeded to no rearrangement of his

undergarment, and so went about most of the afternoon in this unconventional manner. Of course, there was a silent but effective conspiracy on the part of the Gang to do nothing in the way of enlightenment. Far indeed, was it from *that* bunch, on such an occasion, to do any butting-in on a man's private business or affairs.

In the course of digging out the Gunpowder Plot, Q ran across some mention of Oliver Cromwell, and took us across the room to the window there to show us an original autograph order which hung framed upon the wall.

" Father says," Q explained, " that scrap of paper is the most valuable thing in the house, except Mother. . . . Father wrote a book about Oliver.[8] He says he was a very great man and that he hates him for some things, and loves him for others. He says, too, that's one way you know when a man is great—when everything is all mixed up, in him, and about him. . . ."

Perhaps Q exaggerated about the order; there must, however, have been some basis of fact for his remark. TR and Cromwell had much in common; certainly both are permanently written into history, as strong rulers; the sense of the Gang, however—fostered by certain desultory incursions into history—was, that both were *game*, the highest virtue either for gang or national leadership.

This quality, always and utterly dependable in Quentin, overcame all hesitation the Gang might

have had in following him, when we found ourselves standing on the threshold of important events.

One of these moments came one Saturday afternoon, when our bicycle-cruising took us over on the other side of the State-War-Navy Building. Here, on G Street, and near the Y. M. C. A. Building, was a house placarded as being for sale. The windows were shuttered, the place obviously untenanted. Possibly we should not have given it a second glance had we not noticed, and our suspicions been aroused by, the anxious black face and white eyes of an apprehensive little coloured boy, who strove to hide himself behind the half-opened door of the vestibule.

Emulating the leader of a troop of scout cavalry, Q raised his arm. We halted to observe and await further developments. Presently a kinky head, a worried forehead and the rolling eyes cautiously appeared from behind the edge of the door, to pop back instantly, on discovering itself being investigated.

"He's not afraid just because of us," Q declared. "There's somebody hiding inside that house, by buzzard, and he's the lookout!"

We agreed.

"Lock bicycles," Q said, "so that nobody can pinch 'em, while we're in there, finding out——"

Dick hauled out the length of steel-chain and padlock with which we were accustomed to fasten all bicycles together, and we went in a body to the door

of the house. The little coloured boy heard us coming, however, and rushed out of the vestibule in such tremendous panic that he almost bowled us over. Away he ran and was out of sight almost by the time we turned to look after him. Tiptoeing cautiously, we entered the house.

"Sh-h-h!" Q warned. "I hear something silent and mysterious!"

We listened, suspending respiration. From somewhere upstairs, and through the deserted hall, came a series of soft grunts and murmurings.

"I've always thought," Q whispered, "that Major Sylvester ought to permit us to wear badges; because, you know, we ought to be able to find out no end of things for him. Take this house," he added. "It's a bang-up place for a gorgeous murder, isn't it?"

The thought chilled the Gang's marrow, but Q showed no hesitation. "Up we go!" he commanded, "and no sniffling, coughing or sneezing. In fact, don't *breathe;* and don't walk on the middle of the stairs, they'll squeak, and give us away . . . put one foot on the outside, by the banisters, and the other on the inside, by the wall ——"

Thus, we proceeded and by following Q's commands reached the landing without mishap. Turning in single-file, we went to the top of the second-floor stairs, where Q, thrilling with excitement, halted us again. Noiselessly—a great achievement

—we crowded up behind him on the stairs, and peeked over his shoulder.

There, through the open door of the bath-room, we saw four white boys watching a fifth, who was coloured, unscrewing a faucet with a monkey-wrench. They were stealing hardware! Presently one of them spotted us, froze, clutched the boy nearest him, who turned and cried out. Then the whole crowd burst from the room, and the fight was on . . . all over the second story, hall, and rolling down the stairs while the house shook, the boy with the monkey-wrench trying his best to use it whenever he saw a head at which to strike. . . .

If there is virtue in fighting this was one of the most virtuous fights the Gang ever found joyful. The enemy's first idea appeared to be that we were a species of hijackers—that we had come to take by force the spigots and various fixtures they had ripped loose. When they discovered that such was not our purpose—that our objective seemed to be fighting for fighting's sake and had no bearing upon the loot, the realization weakened their morale, and we finally succeeded in forcing them from the house.

Q looked over his command. Sailor Dick's eye was beginning to look puffy; Walker White's nose was oozing crimson; Q, himself, had a wide welt across his forehead; I had lacerated my hand on human teeth. "By buzzard!" Q said. "Wasn't that wonderful!"

"I bet they'll beat up the kid for letting us get by him at the door," Dick remarked.

"They *must not* be allowed to do that!" Q said with finality. "He's too small and too scared! He shouldn't have been put there, in the beginning!"

The Gang agreed.

"Something's got to be done about him, right off!" Q decided. "We've got to follow up, and help him, somehow ——"

Rushing to their bicycles, the Gang unlocked them and rode off in various directions. Q presently was seen to wave frantically at the juncture of Twenty-first and G Streets. He had caught a coloured youngster, but was uncertain as to his identity.

"*That's* not him!" Dick pronounced.

"No I ain't—I been tellin' him," pleaded the prisoner. "I ain't had nuffin' t'do with it, I swear I ain't."

Q looked at him, once. "I can't be sure myself, I fear," he admitted with reluctance.

"Leave me be, white boy," the coloured lad insisted. "Go 'long yo' bizness, I ain't hurtin' a fly, I ain't ——"

"Of course you're not," said Q placatingly; "but if you're the kid we think you are, you're in for a lot of hot water from your own gang ——"

The child had turned almost white by this time, and the mention of hot water made him cringe in

Quentin's grasp to such an extent that it was painful to behold. His captor flushed with the shame of it.

"I don't mean *boiling* water at all," exclaimed Q. "Doggone it, why can't you understand what we aim to do!" He turned to the Gang. "Anybody got any money?" he asked abruptly. Our communal resources yielded a total of forty cents. "Let's give it to him," said Quentin, and the black face visibly brightened.

"Now listen to me," said Q, magisterially. "If you aren't the boy, we're giving you this money because we've held you unjustly. If you *are* the boy, it's being paid to you to keep away from that bunch you were with as many days as there are cents here —just forty."

"I di'n't have nothin' t' do with 'em, no*sir,*" the boy repeated, "but, jus' as you say, I'se keepin' away from 'em, from now on!"

"I don't exactly like the way you say that," Q criticised, "but I haven't time, now, further to argue with you. Did your bunch see which way you ran?"

"*No*sir, no*sir,* they di'n't—but I di'n't been with no bunch. . . ."

"By buzzard!" Q cried, greatly aggravated. "I don't know what to believe! You ought to be made to swear an oath—hope you die! Dick, give us the chain and padlock, and we'll fix him so he won't get into trouble ——"

Dick demurred.

"Give us the chain, I say," Q insisted. "Quick —before anybody—least of all, that house breaking bunch, sees what we're doing!"

The chain and padlock were promptly handed over, and to the boy's great terror, his hands were put behind his back and securely fastened with the chain, and locked with the padlock.

"How'll he ever get out?" Dick questioned.

"He'll have to get somebody to *bust* him out with a hammer," Q replied. "You don't suppose I'd give him the key of the lock to put in his pocket, do you? That would be a dead give-away ——"

"Now," said Q, addressing his prisoner, "I know this is going to be a lie, but you look as though you've told lies before, and telling this one won't hurt you, I'm sure. Go back to your bunch, and tell 'em we jumped you in the vestibule, choked you, beat you, and fastened your hands with this chain, before we came upstairs. Understand?"

The boy nodded; whether he understood or not, was not clear.

"Oh! I forgot!" Q said suddenly. "We must tie a handkerchief around his neck as though he'd been gagged. That, of course, is why he couldn't yell, after we left him ——"

Walker White promptly contributed his handkerchief. Soaked in the gore which had flowed from his pounded nose its further use was but negligible.

"Now don't forget what you're supposed to

say," Q advised, relaxing his grip upon his captive. The youngster ran off as fast as his short legs would carry him. We watched him go—a black streak of terror flying down G Street; twice he fell, probably, because of having his hands chained behind his back. But he continued on his way.

"I wish I really knew," Q sighed, "whether we caught the right one—or one like him. . . ."

Needless to say, this adventure was regarded as one that had better be given no mention, domestically or publicly. "It wouldn't be wise *po-litically*, either," Q remarked later. "Just imagine the sort of story the Democrats would make of it!"

But the story we made out of it, ourselves, was enough. We had encountered a tough, plundering, rival gang of our own weight and age. We had met them in open combat. We had fought with a new unity and fierceness. We had won and had been magnanimous. Our morale was high. We went back to the White House, nursed our wounds and permitted our minds to dwell much upon our valour. We had vanquished a band of toughs and felt tough ourselves, and thoroughly enjoyed the new sensation of independent power, without help or favour of any sort. We were soon to learn, however, that we had become just tough enough—to be brittle. . . .

XV

BLOOD BROTHERS

THE higher the morale of the Gang, the greater, of course, its daring . . . which led us up to the dizzy roof of the White House which, under our feet, seemed almost to be blotted out by the snow. There were great drifts of it in the inside gutters. The sharp outlines of the balustrade and the two rows of square chimneys were softened and blurred. Away down, and across Lafayette Square, we could see Andrew Jackson raising his cocked hat with tireless arm, regardless of the wet snow piled up upon his leonine locks; and the pigeons fluttering around him, almost invisible against the marble base and the white-carpeted ground.

The Gang mushed trails, all about the "bridge," stepped off upon the virgin purity of the snow and on to the gently sloping roof, above the old attic. We slipped and slid and fell and divided up for pitched snowball battles from one balustrade to the other. From this height it was our special delight to drop large snowballs, the centres of which, contained old electric-light bulbs. This could be done only on rare occasions; great strategy was needed to get the bulbs; also, the excitement it caused among

the White House Staff, took time to abate; for when the bulbs struck the concrete of the areaways causing loud pops, which reverberated as sharply as pistol shots, policemen, secret-service men and attendants came on the run, from all directions. . . .

On this particular Saturday this sport was suggested but vetoed, so instead we packed big snowballs on the level walkway of the "bridge" and rolled them.

"By buzzard!" Q cried. "Something's got to be done with *this* one. It's too good to waste!" He put his head out between the side balustrades of the *porte-cochère* and looked down. Then he withdrew it, and gestured. The Gang looked over the edge of the cornice, and could see the figure of a policeman away below. He was standing, like a statue, on fixed post, a few feet from the centre columns of the *porte-cochère,* and facing it with the greatest, and, to us, the most unreasonable solemnity. At his right the carriage-drive went under the *porte-cochère,* at his left the side steps led up to the main entrance.

"I'm not sure," Q said, "but I *think* it's John Jamerson!"

"All policemen have big feet," Charlie commented.

"No matter," Q said. "Even if it is Jamerson, I can't help it ——"

So, with a single thought and a united effort the Gang rolled the snowball—big enough, now, for the

body of a snowman—along the inside of the balustrade. By dint of tremendous exertion accompanied by much grunting five small boys managed to get the enormous ball up onto the wide shelf of the balustrade, where it wobbled perilously for a moment, and then, of its own weight, decided to balance there.

"I saw him first and the whole thing was my idea," Q said, demanding the honour.

There could be no argument; besides, we were afraid the policeman might move.

Q, held upright by members of the Gang cradling his feet, placed himself directly behind the snowball, gave it a vigorous push to propel it over and beyond the projecting cornice, and—gravity did the rest.

The aim could not fail. It was a straight-down drop, and the huge snowball landed directly on top of the policeman's helmet, and broke into fragments. The officer sat down upon the pavement suddenly, and with pronounced finality. His crushed helmet rolled into the gutter of the driveway; his hands clutched at the snow piled about him. We drew in our heads from the balustrade, hugging ourselves, and weeping with joy. . . . We had attained the paramount peak of ambition known to boys the world over—we had flattened a cop!

But below, under the *porte-cochère,* something else and other was happening. There—the first

coachman, attired in blue coat, white doeskin trousers, high boots, high hat and all, sitting upon the box and holding the nervous horses in check, and the footman, with his lap-robe ready folded upon his arm—was the President's carriage. At that moment (as thoroughly explained to us later), TR put his foot upon the step, to mount into the carriage. Then down crashed the great snowball, not fifteen feet away, in the sight and hearing of all.

The horses jumped and lunged. The coachman stood up, and pulling on his reins with all his strength, held them in. The footman, tossing away the lap-robe, clutched at TR. Members of the Staff, at the door, leaped forward to interpose themselves between a startled President and the pavement or to save him from falling under hoof or wheel. . . . There was sudden, confusing and unprecedented interjection of a vastly disturbing factor into the usually formal, and smooth-running drill, of seeing a President of the United States, safely onto the cushions of his carriage.

The Gang had its first hint of all this, when a wrathful President rushing from under the cover of the *porte-cochère,* assisted a dazed policeman to his feet, then turned, hatless and with eyes blazing in the direction of the balustrade, and shook his knotted fist vigorously. Then, in a voice that must have been heard as far east as the Treasury, and west as far as the State-War-Navy Building, he

cried, "You! You! Come down from that roof, at once!" Turning to the Staff under the *porte-cochère* he cried, "Go and catch them! By George! Let not one escape! Bring them all to me!"

"Father!" Q called down. "*Father!*"

"Yes," TR responded, "of course . . . Quentin! *Quentin!*"

"I want to explain," Q went on.

"No explanation received or considered from that height, young man," TR returned. "Come down!"

When we appeared before him—in penitential formation, as aforetime—we were amazed to find him not furiously angry. We imagined him as having the right to be quite as angry as he chose.

"Well," he began, "fortunately for you, you haven't broken his neck—as might well have been expected."

In the greater crime of endangering the President, we had forgotten all about the policeman.

"I'm darn glad, I'll say," remarked Brom with obvious sincerity.

"That's good!" Dick breathed.

"We didn't think of that, sir, honestly," Charlie explained.

"I'll pay for his helmet out of my allowance, Father," Quentin offered, with a certain eagerness.

"Don't becloud the issue," TR interrupted. "Such side-concerns are, virtually, irrelevant. You haven't hurt the officer, luckily, but by George!

you've done something quite as reprehensible—you've hurt his dignity in front of *me*. That policeman had just started to salute, when your ee-normous snowball descended upon him out of the unknown. Think of his amazement! Think of the shock! Think of the humiliation! Think of his chagrin! Finding himself upon the pavement before me, and covered with snow! Think of his feelings! He saw that I saw the whole business, from beginning to end. He saw, even, that I laughed. I shouldn't have done so, of course, but how could I help it? It *made* me laugh! It was *terrible!*

"Now, please understand this: Never do *anything* calculated to hurt another's dignity, unless—unless—you are sure that, beyond the shadow of a doubt, his dignity is an utterly false and foolish thing. Even then, look well to yourselves, first, and try to discover what superior claim *you* have, to expose his, or anyone's silliness . . . if you do, you will never, never do it. . . .

"This policeman, as I happen to know, has a long and honourable record. His post is a place of honour and responsibility. Don't you see? He has a well-earned right to be proud of the trust reposed in his loyalty and judgment. At this moment, he is not so proud of it; he cannot help but watch, out of the corner of his eye, for another avalanche from the roof. Therefore, until he is assured that nothing of this kind will occur again, he is not as good

a Presidential guard as he should be, or desires to be.

"Each of you—beginning with Quentin—will apologize separately, and as well as you are able, to this officer. But not however, immediately—just to carry out my orders. We don't want that kind of an apology. You are now to go into session, and talk out the things I have just said to you, among yourselves. If you do not agree, you will come to me and explain, clearly and distinctly, just where, and why you do not. We will then proceed to a reconsideration of the whole matter. If, however, you decide it to be a matter for no further argument—that my suggestion is equitable—you will go to this policeman in just that spirit—knowing you should do it—and tender him an apology, not perfunctorily offered, but handsomely, and in real sincerity ——"

"Thank you, Mr. President," little Walker White boomed in his resonant voice.

"You're quite welcome, sir," TR responded, walking away slowly, and with unaffected dignity, to his carriage.

There was hardly any discussion among the Gang regarding the justice and equity of our orders. Within a quarter of an hour we had apologized, individually and collectively to the policeman, who before it was over, became quite embarrassed by its sincerity, and the difficulty he found in adequately meeting our flood of apology.

Shortly afterwards, Q involved himself with another policeman—Sergeant Shillon. One morning, Eddie Norris came up out of the boiler-room for a breath of fresh air. Great icicles had fallen from the cornice, down into the west areaway. Q picked up one of these jagged fragments, and seizing a favourable opportunity hurled it at Eddie. But Eddie, alert and watchful, ducked, and Sergeant Shillon, standing directly in the line of fire, was struck on the forehead by the missile. The splintery ice opened a sharp wound and the blood ran, immediately, into Shillon's eyes. Everyone, most of all Q, looked at the Sergeant's shocking condition in startled amazement. Shillon appeared to be badly hurt.

TR had not witnessed the incident but looking in our direction just afterwards, immediately understood that it was Q, again.

He came forward at once, while Shillon was staunching the blood with his handkerchief, and peremptorily demanded an explanation from Quentin.

"Father! *Father!*" Q cried, as his habit was, when in real trouble.

Shillon explained to the President that it was entirely accidental and that the ice had been meant—in pure fun—for Norris, who had dodged. . . . Moreover Quentin had amply apologized.

"Sergeant Shillon!" said TR, "may I add my apology to Quentin's?"

"Mr. President! That makes it worth while

happening, sir," Shillon said. "The boy didn't mean it——"

"Yes, yes," TR said, "I understand—and you understand, exactly. Thank you, Sergeant. How long have you been on the force?"

Shillon told him.

"Why haven't you been promoted?" TR asked abruptly.

Shillon gave the President some reasons which he supposed had influenced the run of affairs.

"I must see your record," said TR, briefly.

The next morning, Sergeant Shillon had gone forever. In his place, stood Lieutenant Shillon. . . .

"Think of that!" said Eddie, later. "Shillon certainly owed his promotion to Quentin. . . . That was a lieutenancy that hit Shillon—not an icicle, at all!"

The Gang was rather more surprised by Shillon's sudden promotion than any other official Presidential act. The whole transaction had about it a gesture of majesty. TR, apparently, could do *anything* which seemed good for him to do. Wonderful thing, that!

This poignant realization led us to an actual story of power and importance of the Presidency. Q led us into one of the rooms of the Executive Offices, and we fingered a geographical globe. "Father's job," said Q, instructively, "*embraces* a lot more than just the United States. Really, all of North

and South America, too . . . and so, the whole world ——"

TR's laugh, behind us, startled us all. "You flatter me, Quentin," he said, "when imagining I hold the world, like an *orb!* Look that word up, in the dictionary—o-r-b. My job, exactly, is here, and here, and here," he went on, indicating the United States and her territorial possessions, "and the sea, just a few miles out from the coasts of these places. Do you know, that instead of its being bitter-cold salt water, it would really be hot water —for me—if I jumped into it, thoughtlessly, beyond those limits ——"

Yes; the Gang understood *that* thoroughly, for getting into hot water was about the easiest thing it did, and without going out of the south garden, at that. This was made the more easy of accomplishment by reason of the hundreds of windows, on the east side of the State-War-Navy Building, which were like so many monocles, ceaselessly, pitilessly observing, ready to check up the slightest tendency towards delinquency on the part of seven small boys in the White House Garden.

Through one of these window monocles, one day, after the snow had gone, a sharp eye spotted a roadster, high off the ground and painted a flaming red, and with much polished brass, gleaming in the sun, speeding about the driveway between the south portico and the fountain.

The Gang found this car parked at the west gate,

under the shadow of the trees, and had swarmed over it with the most intense interest. Cars were still something out of the ordinary; indeed, as late as January, 1909, the United States Senate hesitated to vote for an allowance to provide the President with an automobile, because such action appeared to be a reflection upon the faithful horse.

Just as we began to explore the tool-box, the proud owner appeared, a man who, under Colonel Bromwell, had something to do with the supervision of the gardens. Knowing him well, Q demanded a ride—for all of us. The car-owner exhibited some reluctance, but Quentin argued and cajoled until we were permitted to pile in.

Ordinary driving and riding, however, was not enough. Q urged more speed at the top of his voice; the rest of the Gang yelled in support, as the wind rushed by. We had never ridden in anything which travelled half so fast, and must have been going at the (then) phenomenal speed, of twenty-five miles an hour. It was glorious—simply intoxicating!

"We're speed demons!" cried Q exultingly. "This must be exactly like flying!"

Round we went, and round. The car took the straight road east—towards the Treasury. Finding himself approaching the iron gates faster than he intended, the driver clapped on the brakes, which worked with surprising effectiveness. The red roadster stopped—but some of the Gang kept on travel-

ling through space, in the general direction of the Treasury.

Those members who were perched on the front seat, fell forward on their stomachs, and then somersaulted, clutching wildly at the brass lamps, *en passant*. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt, and the Gang picked itself out of the gravel and shrubbery, carrying many minor cuts and bruises, but no broken bones or other serious damage.

And, as I have already intimated, one of the monocled eyes in the face of the east wall of the State-War-Navy Building had seen the whole affair. As a consequence, there was much excitement and telephoning to the White House. But our friend of the red car had driven most of the evidence away with him, by the time messengers had issued from the White House to discover what it was all about. The Gang saw them coming, and proceeded to drape itself as nonchalantly as possible, about the base of the south portico, looking as cool and collected as though it were grouped for a photograph, against that historic background.

Not long after, a startling chapter in White House history nearly came to be written, at this same spot. So shocking, indeed, was the whole affair, that its chief actor must remain nameless.

In the beginning, it is highly probable that this boy was influenced, in the questionable action he took, by tales of fireman-heroism, such as make the blood of all boys to tingle in their veins, and their

hearts to beat faster than heretofore. To be of such heroic stuff—all of us knew we were—and to be able to furnish evidence of the fact, was several times made the subject of discussion, in the deliberative sessions of the Gang. On one boy, this had made a deep impression. He talked of it so assiduously, as to become tiresome, and to incur the penalty of being bawled out, until he was ashamed to mention it again.

Then the awful thing happened. We had been dodging about a number of metal receptacles, containing paper, which had been moved across the driveway from the garden. On the previous afternoon, there had been a Marine Band concert, to which the public had been admitted, and enough litter had resulted to fill several of the waste barrels. Some hitch had occurred in the usual prompt policing of the garden, and for an hour or so, the waste rubbish had been allowed to remain near the south portico.

Suddenly the contents of one of these receptacles blazed up, in a most mysterious way. The unnamed member of the Gang quickly vanished, to reappear, almost instantly, with several small fire-extinguishers, and proceeded to put out the blaze, all by himself. So he became a hero, and basked in the admiration of the Gang, although it had to be admitted, that the flames had been too far away even to scorch the base of the portico.

Presently, we began to wonder at our comrade's

celerity and his knowledge of the whereabouts of the extinguishers. Then a careless, boastful remark betrayed him; the Gang immediately tackled him and pressed him to the point, where he admitted he had touched a match to the rubbish himself, so that he could have the personal honour and glory of putting out the flame.

Now, here, was a major crime! Nothing, within our experience, had ever seemed so criminally shocking. The Gang was more than incensed; it was consumed with raging fury by the thought of what might have been the consequences of a fire at the White House! Q expressed it best. Trembling with indignation, he said, "Burned by the British and burned by the Gang! That sounds *fine*, doesn't it?" The honour of the Gang was impugned; a blot flung, disfiguringly, on its escutcheon. We forcibly arrested the culprit, and dragging him up into the living quarters, from which he could not escape, proceeded to trial, *in camera.*

Everybody of an official character was out that afternoon, so the hearing proceeded without interruption, and with expedition. The criminal admitted his guilt, but was not at all repentant, and continued to regard his action as being more or less of a joke. So it seemed necessary to punish him with severity sufficient to vindicate the honour of the Gang, and to convert his amused attitude to one of permanent penitence. To expel him from membership would be to bring the incident to the

ears of Mrs. Roosevelt and the President, and that was unthinkable.

The decision of the Gang took the form of locking the door to prevent the intrusion of Wilkins, the houseman, and of lighting a wood-fire that was ready laid and, despite the vehement protestations of the delinquent, of heating a poker in the flames.

"We don't want to be cruel," Q told him, "but the punishment must be made to fit the crime, and you've got to be made to remember this as long as you live, and to have something to remember it by that won't wash off, and that will make you feel ashamed, whenever you see it . . . forever ——"

"Entirely for your own good," commented another member of the Gang. But this assurance had not the slightest soothing effect on the criminal who struggled all the more.

He fought desperately, but was subdued with a tentative tap with a fire-shovel, and informed that a continuance of his obstreperousness will lead to his being clouted with it, over the head.

The poker in the fire began to turn ominously brown.

"Please!" the offender said, becoming amazingly calm. "Lay off! I'll show you! Let me roll up my own sleeve, will you ——"

Amazed by his sudden coolness, as the preparations for the branding advanced, we instantly let go of him, but he made no attempt to break away.

We all decided at about the same instant, that none of us desired to go through with the punishment, no matter how just it appeared to be. Yet each was afraid to be the first to exhibit softness or to cry quits.

Quite evidently our comrade had come to repentance and was prepared to take his punishment like a man. "I won't be able to keep from yelling," he said tremulously, "so I'm going to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth. . . ."

The poker now glowed, red-hot, and was taken from the fire. The boy began to weep silently; nevertheless he looked steadily at the poker, as it approached his arm. It came closer and closer,—within an inch of his bare flesh—and the Gang tightened their grip upon him. . . .

Suddenly Quentin pushed away the boy who held the poker, walked unsteadily across the room to the bed, and lay face downward, with his head buried in the pillows. . . .

Relieved at his unexpected reprieve, the offender almost collapsed, and some of the Gang led him to a seat. The trial by fire was over. . . .

The whole thing was an exhibition of fine courage on the part of the offending comrade, and Quentin, rising from the bed, immediately told him so. He was reinstated, at once, into full Gang membership, which he had forfeited by conviction. The incident of the waste-fire was to be forgiven and forgotten and, then and there, he was presented with

the Gang's First Order of Courage. The immediate ceremony temporarily consisted of the bestowal of a ribbon of the Navy colours, from which was suspended a miniature football. The recipient was given the right to wear the Order, always, and the injunction to pass it down to his eldest son and so-on, through all time.

The authentic Order we purposed having made by a jeweller on F Street. In such parallel ways do boys' minds run, on many subjects, that it is worth while to revert for a moment to the Grant Gang's selection of a badge, which the members desired to wear. ". . . Louis Redfern," its records say, " was appointed a Committee on Badge, and after many weeks he presented his design, or rather brought in a sample. It was an elaborately-embossed, wide ribbon with a brass bar and a heavy gold fringe, said to weigh about two and a half pounds. . . ." [5]

The Lincoln Gang—as far as is known—is all gone now, without record of names or numbers. The Grant Gang of seventy-six members, is going fast. Its record of achievement is a most honourable one in the Army, Navy, the Church, diplomacy, medicine, law, literature and business. Twenty-one of its sons served in the World War. The Roosevelt Gang cannot hope to vie with this record; in extenuation, however, it must be remembered that there were only seven members. . . . But it is doing its bit.

XVI

MARCHING ON

"SEVEN bad pennies," Eddie Norris called the Gang long ago. To-day, he tells how Q, just before the family left the White House, came to him to remind him, that in a hole in the door-frame of the elevator—where a smooth surface was needed to prevent the collection of dust—a penny had been soldered.

"Eddie," Q insisted, "we're leaving and I want you to be sure to take that penny out of the elevator, because it's *our* penny, and I want you to have it——"

Eddie reverently carries that *useful* penny with him to this day, touching with it, other coins in his pocket, that presently go out into circulation. . . .

On one well-remembered occasion, money—highly tempting wealth, really—was placed, quite unexpectedly, almost within the grasp of the Gang. A cunning yet clumsy intrigue, in which I was selected to play the part of catspaw, nearly succeeded in corrupting the loyalty and probity of the Gang. Under the trees on Massachusetts Avenue, and not far from the picket-fence of Force School, a stranger accosted me.

"Are you going to the White House this afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Fine! Aren't you the lucky boy!" the stranger responded heartily. "Think of being able to come and go there just as you like! I wish I could do that!"

I was flattered, as he intended I should be, and willing to continue the conversation, which took an unexpected turn.

"I have a letter here," the man went on, taking one from his pocket, "I want you to give to my friend, the President ——"

"But, I may not see him, to-day," I protested uneasily.

"Well, it need not be to-day,—but sometime, soon. Hand it to him, when just you boys are around ——"

"What boys?" I asked quickly

"Oh, I know them all," the stranger laughed, proceeding to name the Gang without error. "Now listen. I will give you ten dollars to hand this letter to Mr. Roosevelt, when you can put it right into his hand—nobody's else—not even a secretary ——"

"No—no thank you!" I said firmly, but frightened and backing away from him.

Whereupon, the fellow took a couple of steps in my direction and calmly slipped the letter together with the ten-dollar bill into my breast-pocket.

By permission of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt

Like father like son, Q was a fearless horseman—plus the ability to keep the egg in the wooden spoon

"Now," he ordered, "do exactly as you've just promised, and as I asked you ——"

I had promised nothing and the man's calm assumption scared me into panic. So, without answering him, and totally forgetting that I had the money and the message in my pocket, I turned and ran, as fast as my legs would carry me.

By the time I arrived breathless at the White House I was clutching the envelope tightly in my fist, apprehensive of losing it and—with no tangible reason—still more fearful of delivering it. In the ushers' room, I came upon the other Gangsters, waiting for Quentin. "Just look at the postman!" little Walker remarked.

"Gosh!" I said anxiously. "Don't ask me anything about it just now ——"

"Who's it for?" Charlie asked.

"The President," I answered. "Shut up, will you!"

"Who's it from?" queried Dick, taking up the questioning.

"I don't know," I admitted.

"Here, young man," interrupted an overhearing usher, "give the letter to me. I'll have it sent over to the offices ——"

"No! No!" I objected.

"Why not?" asked the usher. "Is there any known reason why a letter, directed to the President, should not reach him at once?"

"Leave me alone!" I cried, bursting away from

him. The Gang—loyal to me without needing to know the reason—blocked the usher in his attempt to get possession of the letter.

"It isn't for the President at all," I declared suddenly, thinking a white lie to be the best way out. "It's for Quent——"

When we found Quentin, a few minutes later in the upper hall, the Gang went into immediate session. I told the full story, adding, by way of illustrative detail, that the man had a great, curling black moustache and was beautifully dressed.

A long argument ensued as to what should be done. Ten dollars was fabulous wealth! That much currency in the treasury of the Gang would work near-miracles and produce action of a startling character.

Ten dollars, someone pointed out, would buy sufficient stink-bombs to completely paralyze schoolwork, effect an adjournment of the session, and empty the building. But——

"Somebody," said Q, "is trying to do something that isn't regular. Otherwise, he would have mailed his letter in the usual way. And he wouldn't pay ten dollars, for what he could get done for two cents. And, he's lying, anyway, when he says he's a friend of Father's. . . ."

Q's logic was felt to be absolutely indisputable. Yet we continued to gaze on the letter with burning curiosity and on the money with covetousness. A motion to open up and read was overruled by Q.

"We'd better not," he declared, "because, then, we might come to know some things we ought *not* to know." And that sounded wise, too.

The amazing thing, perhaps, was our final decision. Having sworn utter secrecy, and feeling more than righteous—heroic even—we placed the sealed envelope, with whatever it contained, together with the perfectly negotiable ten-dollar bill, with its amazing possibilities for us all, into the grate of an open fireplace; Q placed a match to them with a hand that trembled a little, and we watched them speedily consume.

"Ashes to ashes," Q quoted solemnly, out of his amazing knowledge, "dust to dust. . . ."

Despite the apparent triviality of this incident, it represented, nevertheless, a conception of the highest standards of honour which the Gang had come to hold,—a conception, moreover, which had been arrived at slowly and laboriously, as the result of the splendid counsel of TR. A few months earlier the Gang would have delivered the message, and undoubtedly fattened on the proceeds of the transaction.

The form of the oath taken, specifically stipulated that the whole affair be kept from the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. That oath I have now broken. Some dire calamity may befall me therefor. But I have taken the risk simply because Q was the guiding spirit in the development of the incident, and the narration thereof furnishes con-

crete evidence of that small gentleman's fine sense of honour. And a full membership was on hand, that morning, thereby making the discussion the more violent, and Q's decision the more difficult. . . .

Here the actual record of the Gang abruptly ends. Quentin went away to Alexandria, to attend another school, and the realization of disbandment closed about us like a grey fog.

"Gosh!" I said. "What are we going to do now?"

Q looked at us with genuine understanding. He felt the poignancy of parting, swallowed hard, and finally said: "You all know the Pension Office—down at the end of F Street? Well, all around that building, you remember, is a frieze-thing—guns and horses, and wagons, and soldiers, and sailors, marching. The best thing for us all to do, is just to try to keep on, like that—marching on for ever and ever ——"

When the Roosevelts left Washington and the Tafts took over the ruling of its then-known earth, the Gang carried on. But, somehow, the old days of joyously riotious behaviour had gone forever. For one thing, we were growing older, and, in some very important of its aspects, the Gang just naturally died when the small boy, in each of us, gave place to one of a larger, less spontaneous age and mould. But the story was by no means ended. As

a matter of plain fact, it was no end at all, but a beginning, for Quentin and for us all.

The chronicle of the White House Gang covers but a short period in the boyhood of its members. A similar period, in the life of every child, is as crammed with a wealth of incident as important as our own. The scene—be it the White House or any other home in America—is, relatively, of little consequence. In this period, the training, in the school of the gang, is the preliminary to the sterner instruction of the school of life. Yet the school of the gang contains a highly concentrated experience; it moves rapidly forward—as in time of war—from the school of the soldier to the life of the squad, platoon and company.

Although greatly daring, greatly talented, greatly promising, Q, except for a few things, was in no way different from any other boy of similar age, who is, intelligently, allowed to grow. Neither the President nor Mrs. Roosevelt saw the slightest harm in Q following the pursuits of a normal boy. There was no disturbance over his spoiling a pair of breeches, when entangled in a barbed-wire fence; there was no undue worry about his sobbing breath, when he played the "hare" in a paper-chase, and the "hounds" were hot on his trail; there was no outflaring of indignation when he was discovered with great welts upon his legs, where members of the Gang had snapped him with towels; there was no expressed astonishment when, at break-

fast, in the sun of the south portico, he put an empty tumbler to his face, and sucked in the air. Q's mother and father knew perfectly well, that in all, and from all, these things, Quentin was learning to be a real boy who, one day would grow to be a real man.

There was never the slightest question as to the absolutely democratic philosophy of Theodore Roosevelt, or of his lifelong application of it, to all his relations with his fellows, and there was never a President of the United States whose utterances were more straightforward, more sincere, more generally known and understood. One of the many details incidental to the understanding he engendered, was the small yet important change he made from "The Executive Mansion," to the simpler and hence, far more dignified, "White House."

Q once expounded his father's ideas very tersely, and in words which could not have been other than a paraphrase of TR's own. Accused, one day, of taking up with a boy who was "common," Q flushed with anger. "My father," said he, speaking with the utmost distinctness and vigour, "says that there are only four kinds of boys—good boys, bad boys, white boys and black boys. What, exactly, do you mean by 'common'?"

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt paid no attention to the bare fact of poverty or wealth; to conventional social position or the lack of it; what

they *did* set value upon, were ideas and perspectives, and their mutual exchange. One may well ask: how came a small boy—a group of small boys—to know anything of all this? The answer is short, and almost absurdly simple: he saw it working—given full effect—every single day he was privileged, as Q's friend, to set foot in the White House.

There was surely little if anything in the escapades of the White House Gang to remind Mrs. Roosevelt of the mothers of its members. Yet she *did* remember; and, sometimes, a special White House messenger would appear at some boy's house, with flowers for his mother. This gesture, from one woman to another, seemed to us to be a very beautiful one—as in very truth, it was; and it was also a message, that their interests commonly met in their children. My own mother, I know, was deeply appreciative. . . .

Of all that has been written concerning the amazing record of Theodore Roosevelt, and of the wise, sympathetic and understanding help given him by Mrs. Roosevelt, nothing (to me) appears to be finer, more worthy of study and of emulation than their relationship to Q and the White House Gang. A particular phase of the intelligence with which the Gang was handled was, that whenever the personality of the President or Mrs. Roosevelt touched ours, the contact was as casual as that between old friends, as careful as that between new and eager ones.

As parents, this wonderfully understanding man and woman knew it to be an important part of their duty to acquaint themselves with the significance of childhood experience; to enter the province of its thought, to be cognizant of its present and forward-looking complications; to be mindful of changes of mental pace. And they drew their children's friends within the sympathetic circle of their own fine lives. What affected Q and his welfare, affected the fellow-members of his Gang. So, accordingly, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt ordered their influence and attitude.

The world of grown men and women is complicated enough; yet it becomes much simpler, much happier, much more personally satisfactory when an attempt is made to follow again the way we once came, this time, however, with our own children, as they fight their way through. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt knew this and lived it, and their happiness was reflected upon us. They were two great souls,—rather one—and Quentin, even at the early age of Gang fellowship, demonstrated that there had already been passed to him, in generous measure, many of the fine traits of his illustrious father and wonderful mother.

No personal contact, with the President or Mrs. Roosevelt, could ever prove evanescent. The love borne them by the Gang, of which their boy was a member, is among those things that are destined not to die. Of this fact, I have been given recent

and full demonstration. After the passing of twenty years, recent conversations with various members of the Gang left me quite shaken with emotion. Yet the writing of these records has given to the members of the White House Gang a great, and poignant, pleasure—we have been brought together again, even though Quentin be no longer with us. The debt we owe him, and his father and mother, is simply undischargeable. We knew that —dimly—even as children. We know it better—more fully—now.

Every slow advance we have made toward the happiness of a rational, purposeful, joyous life of accomplishment has come from just such men and women. Their greatness of spirit gave us standards at which to aim. Q succeeded in these attempts, at Groton, at Harvard. When he was but twenty, during the World War, he became one of that courageous company of airmen, perhaps the last real order of chivalry the world may ever see, fighting eagerly, gayly, impetuously, in a righteous cause. . . .

I hope perhaps that Q may have looked down over his cockpit upon an infantry officer in the mud at the same instant I was looking up at the gleam of the sun on the wings of a fighting ship, and wondering what knight was riding out to battle. Winging high up in the blue over the fighting lines, Q finally went out on his last patrol, to his rendezvous with death. Where he fell, on the field of honour

at Chamery, is the simple inscription in French, *"Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, Escadrille 95, Tombé glorieusement, En combat aerien, Le 14 Juillet, 1918, Pour le droit, Et la liberté."*

But his spirit goes "marching on for ever and ever" in our hearts. . . .

". . . Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it . . ."

—William Shakespeare,
Twenty-Sixth Sonnet.

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